

# Sports Illustrated

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JANUARY 30, 1964

25 CENTS

## A SKIN DIVER'S GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN

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## Next week

**WINTER SPORTS HEROES** from 33 countries gather in Innsbruck for the Jan. 29 opening of the Olympics. A 32-page preview tells the story of probable winners.

**THE CAPRICIOUS CROSSBOW**, whose western target from snow to swivel and the wind-blown shots past the low-tide mark, when the year's first meeting of the greats of golf.

**THREE EXPLORERS**, or, more accurately, would-be explorers, abandon their high purpose in a low Mexican canyon after press agents and helicopters let them down.

## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The islands, beaches and the clear, warm seas lie there to the south, scant time by jet from anywhere in North America, and this winter more Americans than ever will be traveling the route. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** aim, in the 17 pages of words and pictures on the subject in this issue, is to provide a good guide



陳其南 游錫堃 謝長廷 游錫堃 謝長廷

for those who care to do more than collapse in a heap when they get there.

In change of much of this assignment—he wrote and photographed everything from page 22 through page 29—senior Editor Cole Phinizy, a charter staff member who made his way to us from the red-dye lifts around Phinizy, Ga. via Harvard ('42) and Live with typewriter in one hand and camera in the other. In his time Phinizy has been a football player, half-rider, pole-vaulter, gymnast, ballroomist and speaker, but now he considers the day only partly lived that doesn't allow some exploratory time underwater. Reporting with both camera and typewriter, he has been a pioneer of the amphibious world that has opened up to mankind with scuba diving.

Priority acknowledges that he has "dived a little on the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, off Fiji, off Canton Island and Hawaii, off Baja California and California, under ice in Minnesota and New York (got arrested for diving in New York City drinking water), in Alaska once; also in Jamaica, Bermuda, Bahamas, in the Gloucester area, the Florida Keys, the south Jersey shore (where you can't see your hand

(in front of your face) and many hours in the world's greatest natural sewer, Long Island Sound." But the British Virgin Islands, the area of his story this week, were new to Plim, so before his trip there last October he spent 10 days exploring the islands in print—and rehearsing in a Connecticut swimming cove lighting system (used for his color

"There are three things," says Philizy, "that interest and attract me most about the underwater world:

"It is such a grand place for people to find new challenges in a world that seems always now too crowded for challenges. It is not the domain of supermen, but a proper place for ordinary men willing to shuck off 20th-century inhibitions."

"I am drawn to the sea and the undersea because it literally puts me in contact with the whole world. The land is a disconnected thing; the sea is not."

"The underside is our present proving ground. We may set foot on the moon tomorrow; we have already touched its face and pecked at its backside. But it will be a long time before we use it or any other foothold in space as real *Lebensraum*; it will be a long time before we have a going putty factory in any crater or dry lunar sea. Meanwhile, we are using the world's sea . . . We have begun to live down there by the hour and the day and the week."

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# SHOPWALK

Some of the world's best sportswear can be purchased cheaply in Bermuda.

Jet travel has brought Bermuda almost as close (two hours from New York) as a train ride from the suburbs to a big-city department store. And an astute shopper can just about make up the plane fare (and have a sunny holiday weekend as well) on the bargain prices that prevail in the little British resort. One of Bermuda's best buys is sportswear, for its stores reflect both an English taste for well-cut sport clothes and a local flair for color. The main shops are in Hamilton, on Front Street near the harbor's edge, where the *Queen of Bermuda* docks and the tourists swarm ashore.

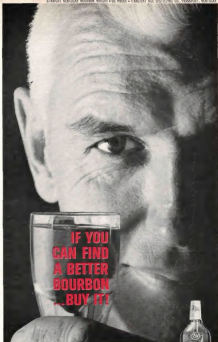
Indie madras (Bermudians call it "mad-zhi") is the odds-on favorite of American buyers. When purchasing madras, a good rule of thumb is: the brighter, the better. And the English Sports Shop, a step away from the dock, has the boldest madras plaids on Front Street. The rainbow-hued sport jacket below is made especially for the shop by Sasegin's of England. It comes



completely lined and costs \$27.50 (a comparable jacket would cost about \$10 more in the U.S.).

According to the English Sports Shop, almost everyone who wanders in buys at least one cotton-knit sport shirt (\$4.95) by Fred Perry, either in white or a solid color. The Perry shirt has a two-button collar and

*continued*



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|------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
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| US OPEN    | 63                  | 21                    |
| PGA        | 60                  | 23                    |
| TOTAL      | 150                 | 58                    |

And remember . . .  
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PLAY THE BALL THE BEST PLAYERS CHOOSE



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## SHOPWALK continued

looks good with a tie—which makes it a handy item in Bermuda, where most restaurants insist upon vest and tie for dinner.

Trimingham's, down the block on Front Street, is sometimes called the Brooks Bros. of Bermuda because of its handsome collection of men's clothes. The store has a wide assortment of Bermuda shorts, and



its selection includes Terylene-and-viscose (\$11.99), tropical worsted (\$18.96) and wash-and-wear versions of Terylene-and-cotton (\$15.96). The old British army khaki shorts, with their wide waistbands, deep front pleats and buckle fasteners, also are popular. Regulation dress for the British garrisons in Bermuda years ago, they are still the order of the day for colonial policemen. Trimingham's has them in solid colors for \$5.99.

Next door to Trimingham's is H. A. & E. Smith, Ltd., another excellent store for resort clothes. One of the best buys in Bermuda is their Irish fisherman's sweater (called the gansey). The Aran Islanders, in the west of Ireland, knit these warm, snagging sweaters from natural, unbleached wool in typical nautic designs. Each village has its own design, and the patterns have long served to identify sailors who were washed ashore after accidents at sea. Their water-shedding properties have made them popular with crews in the Newport-Bermuda race. They cost \$25.79 (up to \$40 in the U.S.). Knee socks, or golf hose as Smith's calls them, are a must with Bermuda shorts. The pair above is English-made in hand-knitted cable-knit and costs \$13.98 (\$9 in the U.S.).

Long known for its Wedgwood china, A. S. Cooper & Sons, Ltd. has just added a new men's sportswear department in the rear of the store. Cooper's is the Bermuda agent for Jungs knits, and the utilitarian Sherland crew-neck pullover (\$11.28) by Jung is a bestseller with Bermudians and tourists alike.

—PAUL STEWART



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# SCORECARD

## END OF A LONG, DIRTY ROAD

In the days when he was side-de-camp to Frankie Carbo, prizefighting's under-world ruler, Blinky Palermo was a suave, pink-checked, well-nourished man enjoying the best of health, some wealth and high prestige. Now, despite the fact that he was ruthlessly indifferent to the welfare of his fighters and abandoned some of them after they were impoverished and insane, it is possible to feel pity for Blinky. His world is crumbling. Physically and mentally, he is a broken hulk. Since May 1961, when he and Carbo were convicted of attempting to muscle in on the earnings of Don Jordan, welterweight champion for a brief period, Blinky has known only trouble.

While Carbo stayed in prison, Palermo was free on \$100,000 bail pending a series of appeals, the latest of which, a petition of certiorari, may be decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in the next few weeks. Some may say that the law's delays have served Blinky well but, seeing him, one doubts it. He has lost 25 pounds. He is haggard. There are enormous blue bags under his eyes. And small wonder.

His once favorite son, Frank Jr., is serving a long federal sentence for passing worthless checks and receiving stolen goods. Junior is also wanted in Youngstown, Ohio on a million-dollar arson charge. After spending \$10,000 getting Junior out of jail, Blinky soured on the young man and turned his affections to another son, Fred Palermo.

New Fred is in a jam. Jimmy Flood, a washed-up middleweight who has been in trouble with the law since he quit the ring, entered Fred's Philadelphia delicatessen late one recent night and demanded money. Fred shot him—accidentally, he says. Blinky arrived at the police station in a black Cadillac, accompanied by three burly bodyguards.

Why the bodyguards? Blinky is in even more trouble. Federal authorities have treated him much more solicitously than they treated Carbo. The word in the underworld is that this treatment is payment to Palermo for turning Carbo in.

We may reveal now, since Carbo knows it anyhow and no added danger to Blinky is involved, that Blinky gave the FBI the address of the New Jersey mobster's house where Carbo was hiding. The FBI passed the word to the New York district attorney's office, which brought him to trial and won a guilty plea. Thereafter he was indicted on the federal rap which sent him to prison.

Blinky desperately needs those bodyguards. But if he goes to prison he cannot take them with him.

## THE SHELTERED LIFE

Let those who snore at hatchery-raised trout as pampered pets unable to fend for themselves when planted in a stream consider a recent report of Ontario's fish and wildlife department. Brook trout in a hatchery near Toronto, the report says, have developed ulcers from the stress and strain of hatchery life. Handlers are feeding the fish tranquilizers.

## COLD COMFORT

Controversy over the Bear-Giant championship game has not died, and one strongly argued aspect is the advisability of moving the annual event to some city where it could be played in pleasant sunshine and with good conditions underfoot.

Most support for the move comes from New York fans and New York writers (who had to cover the game in Chicago in an unheated press box); none has yet come from the Chicago area. That is not to say that only sour grapes are involved. At Wrigley Field on December 29 one end of the ground was frozen and slippery, and it was so cold that the players' hands were numbed. Why, it is asked, should pro football's biggest game not always be played in conditions permitting the best possible exhibition of football skills?

The players themselves don't seem to feel that way. Their working season now extends from July to the end of December. They expect to start playing in 90° temperatures and end in freezing weather,

and in between to play good football in rain, mud and snow. We think that is the right attitude.

Even more important is the point of view of the fan who has followed his team all the way to its divisional title; he would never see the biggest game of all except by paying his way across the continent—or on television.

The trend toward more sport viewing on TV and less in the flesh has so far been fairly well resisted by the NFL with its black-out policy, but the proposed move of the championship site would be a significant concession to that trend, which, of course, history may prove to be irreversible. That doesn't mean we have to like it.

## THE SLEEPING GIANTS

Since hotels and airplanes pretty much refuse to recognize the existence of persons more than 6 feet tall, playing on the road is more wearing on basketball players, as a class, than on other athletes. The so-called "home-court advantage" is to some extent a result of what might be termed "the home-bed advantage." So, anyway, thinks Pidge Barack, the stubby but empathetic manager of the Olympian



Hotel in Los Angeles. The Olympian caters to the basketball trade. Featuring chefs who specialize in training table meals, it has become Los Angeles headquarters for many college teams and all but two professional clubs. Barack even has a sort of gym away from gym in the works—a complete training room with a trainer in residence.

This is all very fine, but it is the new

*continued*



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RELIEF IS JUST  
A SWALLOW AWAY

### SCORECARD *continued*

wing of the Olympian that the players are awaiting so anxiously. In each of the wing's 36 rooms, the Olympian will install beds seven feet long.

Barack's move is, in fact, part of a trend. According to John W. Hubbell, vice-president of the Simmons Company, supesize Beautyrest mattresses were less than 6% of sales in 1951, reached 25% in 1963. If the trend continues, as Hubbell believes it will, and basketball players on the road find themselves sleeping well for the first time, gumbleries will have to start figuring the bed spread into the point spread.

### THE NEWS HAWKENS

The bald eagle, say its detractors, is a stupid, rusty-tempered scavenger and a rotten national symbol. Now a constellation of American eagles has given the lie to the stupidity canard. Few of us humans have been aware of the recent kokanee salmon spawning time in Montana, but every half-bright bald eagle residing in 17 western states knew of it. That is better news dissemination than national network television and a pretty fair testimonial to avian intelligence. Apparently every unemployed bald eagle in the West turned up for the swooping and salmon-snatching exercises. Glacier National Park Ranger W. E. Welch counted 352, the most in years, in one 10-mile stretch along the Middle Fork of the Flathead River. That is one-quarter of all the bald eagles in the western U.S.

### MOST INVALUABLE TROPHY

Of all the football awards that sprout each season like dandelions after rain, those of the Washington Touchdown Club have established an unimpeachable reputation as the most dubious. Firm claim to this distinction was laid last year when the club in quick succession 1) chose Terry Baker as its Back of the Year, 2) discovered that Terry's basketball and studies would keep him from attending the presentation dinner, 3) gave the award to a player who could attend and 4) denied that it had chosen Baker. Now again, in one magnificent tripartite gesture, the Touchdowners have just about retired the Frank Lee Fiddle Memorial Trophy. First, the Washingtonians, alone in the nation, picked nearby Navy as the country's No. 1 team—just before Texas routed the Mideast in the Cotton Bowl. Second, they named Navy's Wayne Hardin Coach

*continued*



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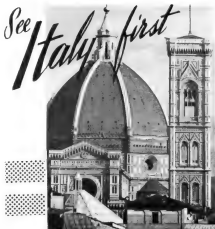
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**SCORECARD** — *by the staff*

of the Year. Third, they telephoned Texas Coach Darrell Royal to tell him that Longhorn Tackle Scott Appleton had been chosen Lineman of the Year and was wanted at the club banquet.

When Royal told the club spokesman that Appleton would be at the Texas banquet that night, there was a lame pause at the other end of the line. "Well," the voice said weakly, "in that case, who would you suggest we pick for Lineman of the Year?"

**GAMES WORTH THE CANDLE**

The biggest and fastest-growing participatory sport in the U.S., according to The Athletic Institute, is volleyball, which had 20 million players in 1961, now has 40 million. That puts it a good 5 million ahead of cycling, which is next biggest.

Our candidate for the least-known sport of the past decade is smash, which has 10,000 players, the Institute says. Smash looks like a cross between handball and ping-pong. It is played against rattling walls and is sweetly exhilarating. The players—one, two or four at a time—hang away at an overblown ping-pong ball and race frantically around the court in pursuit of crazy rebounds. Among other virtues, it permits a lonely table-tennis fan to battle himself. Lawn-tennis players are especially partial to it because it offers such good practice in handling tricky, unspeared angle shots.

The newest accepted sport, just introduced in England but played in recent years on the Continent, has not yet reached these shores. It is curling without ice. Called roll curling, it is the invention of an enthusiastic Dutch curler, Johannes van der Eerde, who dreamed of playing all year round. A concrete engineer by profession, he produced a concrete that would make a smooth rink. Then he devised a curling stone with three large ball bearings on its underside. In winter the handle can be unscrewed from the top and screwed into the bottom so that the stone can be used on ice.

The very newest sport, it seems, is a variant of pool. It is played on an elliptical table with a single pocket, a cue ball, and nine balls in the rack. It is called Elliptipool. As explained by its inventor, Arthur P. Frigo Jr., a senior at Union College, the game's charm lies in the fact that the same distances from one focal point to the perimeter and

—continued—



### The Crew-Saders.

We won't ask how long it's been since you were young and twenty. We'll simply tell you that these socks are both. Youthful enough to delight a man whose future is still ahead of him. And twenty—that's how many colors they

come in. A combination of high-bulk Orlon acrylic and stretch nylon, one size fits almost everybody. (King size fits everybody else.) They're made by Interwoven, and, as further encouragement, a pair costs only a dollar fifty.

**Interwoven®**  
THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

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with today's  
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You can see Mercury's elegance. But its qualities as a road car must be felt. You'll discover the solid authority and sure tracking that distinguish every Mercury. And though it's sleek-looking, easier-handling, this car is actually as much as 319 pounds heavier—sturdier—than other medium-price cars. No wonder Mercury feels so solid, so smooth. Visit your Mercury dealer and get the feel of it yourself. U.S. MODEL BY MERCURY DIVISION  MERCURY COMPANY 

**Mercury**

No finer car in the medium-price field

back to the other focal point is always constant. It has one other charm that might help sales. The playing area is 52 inches by 57 inches—which is apartment size.

#### PROTOCOL

Dr. James B. Conant and Admiral Hyman G. Rickover may have doubts about sport's role in the American educational system, but Texas does not. Next September there will be a new high school in Garland, Texas. It is now being built. It has no student body. It has no principal. It has no teachers. What it has is a football coach.

#### HARK, A NEW BARK

One might assume that, since the American Kennel Club already recognizes 113 breeds of dogs, 24 of them sporting, we need no more. The last AKC acceptance took place in 1960, granted to something called a Hungarian Vizsla. But now the AKC is about to be assailed with demands for recognition of yet another. General Richard Mellon, who developed the new breed on his 20,000-acre plantation in the field trial country near Albany, Ga., calls it a Flint River retriever. It is a cross between a Labrador retriever and a cocker spaniel—which would seem to be an unlikely combination that has turned out a handsome, blue-coated dog of alert and competence.

Over 15 years of meticulous selection, General Mellon has produced fewer than 100 specimens of the breed that he considers acceptable. Called "blues" for short, they have been entered in field trials with encouraging success. Though the dogs are beautiful to the eye, they were bred primarily for hunting perfection, secondarily for field trial performance, in which they have done well.

Stinkied at last, the general is now about to make a dogged assault on the Park Avenue headquarters of the AKC.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Aja Zareva, star of the *Ice Capades*, on whether hockey players can switch to skating shows: "We had one fellow from Vancouver try out, and it took him about five years to make it. It took that long to get rid of the hockey stick."

• Cookie Gilchrist, Buffalo Bills' star runner, on how he was nicknamed: "My mother called me Cupcake; my father called me Doughnut; and the family settled on Cookie."

END



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# GAMIN WITH A WORLD OF GUTS

Winsome, wide-eyed and utterly fearless, Jean Saubert led the American ski team to a string of pre-Olympic triumphs and charmed half of Europe with her bubbling delight in just about everything by DAN JENKINS

There was about as much snow in the normal American Rockies last week as there was on any mountain in Europe. Never in modern ski racing had conditions been so poor. The situation was especially infuriating for the world's best Alpine racers, who went from one bare crag to another in search of slopes on which to sharpen their skills for the coming Olympics in Innsbruck. In more than a month of serious training they found a minimum.

However, in a few shady, high-altitude ravines in France, Germany and Switzerland sheets of ice and mud-streaked snow permitted half a dozen foreshortened slalom races and giant slaloms. It was impossible to lay out any decent courses for the longer downhill events, so none were held anywhere, for either men or women. But happily for the U.S., there was enough competition for the spirited American team, led by

a cute Oregon State coed named Jean Saubert, to gain an immense amount of respect from European rivals.

A great deal of that respect was directed toward the confident Miss Saubert, whose sparkling blue eyes, pink cheeks, light-brown bangs and friendly personality have gained almost as much admiring attention in the past month as have her aggressive attacks on the slalom gates. This was no small achievement, since her skiing record has definitely established her as the girl to beat at Innsbruck in the giant slalom and possibly the slalom as well.

At Val d'Isère she won the giant slalom and ran a close second to little Annie Farnose of France in the slalom. At Oberstaufen, Germany she won the first of two slaloms and finished third behind the Goitschel sisters, Marielle and Christine, of France in the second one. Then, this past week, at Grindel-

wald, Switzerland, she met the biggest test to date. There to see her perform were a noisy array of European newsmen and a few brave tourists who were capable of skiing or hiking on a precarious cradle of rapidly disappearing snow below the shoulder of the Eiger mountain.

The slalom course was tight and icy, with 49 gates on the first run and 52 on the second. The first time down, Jean seemed to have a brilliant run going until midway when she caught an edge coming out of a turn. But she recovered with astonishing speed, to finish in 66.08, five seconds behind Marielle Goitschel, the leader, and in ninth place.

"I just wasn't concentrating," said Jean at lunch between runs. "I'm going to fire down this time."

She did precisely that. On an even more difficult course, whose gates were set so tightly that half of the 91 entries failed to finish or were disqualified, Jean

*continued*

was a glancing blur. Her time was 51.75, three seconds faster than anyone and almost 10 seconds faster than her first race. Unofficially it placed her second to the newly Mariele Gotschel, but Jean knew it would not count.

"I missed a gate," she sighed, smiling. "I just went past it. I knew it, but I went ahead anyhow." Indeed she had missed a gate, and she was disqualified for it. But she was pleased with her performance, knowing, as did everyone else, that by taking the simple gate she would not have lost more than a fraction of a second. It was a daring, beautiful run.

Next day, there was scarcely room for the giant slalom. The course was charted from the very foot of the rocky north wall of the Eiger, and it ended only a few feet from a cog railway track. By this time Alpine Coach Bob Beattie and the American men had arrived from Hindelang, Germany (assistant coaches Don Henderson and Marvin Melville had been with the girls), and Beattie, as in his custom, was at the start, having few-minute words with each of his entries before they shoved downward. "We've got to be mentally tough—like

a football team," said ex-football coach Beattie. "Each one of us has to think win, win, win in every race. We go all out, making our turns quickly and driving faster. Every day we've worked on our technique of going into our turns quicker and driving hard."

Beattie spoke such words to Jean Soubert up until the last instant before she flashed away in the giant slalom. She made her time early, in knifing fashion, on the icy upper slopes and took the last three gates almost lunging, brushing the gateposts, leaping under the banner at the finish. Her time: 1:37.38, two seconds faster than anyone, a smashing four seconds faster than Mariele Gotschel who, at least in Jean's mind, loomed as her strongest opponent in the slalom races at the Olympics.

For the next several hours Jean Soubert was a true celebrity. One by one, the American men came down from the top to hug her and plant kisses on each cheek. French Coach Honoré Bonnet struggled for an explanation.

"Jean Soubert," Bonnet said, "is the only explanation."

Toni Salfer, Austria's national hero of

the 1956 Winter Olympics, congratulated Jean and then turned to the press. "She goes to the gates," said Salfer. "She doesn't wait for them. You say Jean Soubert, you stop twice, then you mention the rest."

"Why do you ski so fast?" asked a European writer. "Why," Jean said, smiling pleasantly, "do the others ski so slow?" Another reporter asked why the Americans had not competed in Europe last year. Said Jean quickly. "We don't think you have to ski in Europe to be good."

"You seem to have no fear," said a Frenchman. "Me?" Jean said, astonished. "I'm scared to death." "Then what are you thinking about just before the start of a race?" the Frenchman asked. "Oh," Jean said, rolling her blue eyes and grinning, "I'm wondering how I'm going to be a good sport if I lose."

After this exchange Jean was followed by reporters back to the Schweizerhof Hotel in Grindelwald, where she kept bubbling cheerfully until bedtime.

During the week of the races, Jean received from her sorority sisters at Oregon State a photograph recording

Her night before last, Jean Soubert, 20, of Grindelwald, Switzerland, is seen at the starting line to wait them at a makeshift turn.



made by four girls. "The Honey Lovers," in her Chi Omega house. So thrilled by the package were Jean and Linda Meyers that Linda raced out and bought a \$30 record player, and two other albums, *Sinatra* and *Swings and Sins* music without Sinatra. "The boys had a photograph when we were with them, but they never let us use it," Jean explained. For two days thereafter the lobby of the Schweizerhof rocked to the sounds of The Honey Lovers, who sing folk songs with the mere hint of a twist beat. "I don't do the twist," said Jean.

It took one two hours to get up the cottage to try it, and then it went out of style."

Jean has one more year at Oregon State before completing a degree in education. At the same time, she says, she will wind up her career as a competitive skier. "There are other things than skiing," she said. "I either want to teach school, go into the Peace Corps or work with physically handicapped children. I think each would be very rewarding."

"I like to be the best at whatever I do," she continued, "whether it's grades, ping-pong, cooking, ski racing or any-

thing." With a trace of pride, Jean added that an counselor at a camp in Oregon last summer, only her group learned to cook a pizza and salmon underground. That, she said, demotivated her will to win.

The U.S. team is loaded down with various uniforms for racing as well as leisure, and Jean has been something of a style setter. She cut the insides out of her racing stretch pants because they hurt her feet, so the other five girls followed suit. Jean also decided that Sunday was a good day to wear the gray dresses supplied there, so then all wore the dresses for Sunday lunch. At award ceremonies, led by Jean Saubert, the girls all switch to their heavy, high-necked, white sweaters, their red-white-and-blue plaid skirts and their long blue stockings. They look like a dance team from Scotland.

"Jean is so great," says Starr Watson, a teammate, reflecting the opinion of all. "She's so good-natured and even-tempered all the time. And when she's on her skin, nobody in the whole world can beat her in any event."

Bob Beattie is convinced that Jean will stay on her skin through Innsbruck. In fact, Beattie believes she will show even more improvement.

"She laughs and jokes a lot, but she's tough. The tougher the race, the tougher she'll get," Beattie says. "Every one in Innsbruck will be talking about her, but she won't feel the pressure. She goes all out, anyhow, and her natural pride makes every race a big one."

Adds Beattie, "Jean's our big hope, sure. But I think by Innsbruck that Barbara Ferries, Linda and Joan Hannah, all three, will be capable of getting a medal. I really do."

The outlook was hardly as encouraging for the American men, although Beattie was, before the Lashethorn races, swollen with equal pride over their accomplishments. "We'd done a lot of talking before we came over," he said. "We'd complained about the seedings for Innsbruck (SI, Dec. 16) and revised our level of skiing was as good as any."

At the beginning of the European swing it seemed at least as good. At Val d'Isere, against the French and Swis, Buddi Werner won the slalom and Jimmy Heuga was fourth in the giant. After Christmas the men moved to Hindelang, Germany for the first meeting with Austrians, and Beattie found himself once

again in the thick of the seeding gamble: the U.S. starting positions were no better at Hindelang than those they had been given for Innsbruck. For example, Billy Kidd, one of the finest young racers anywhere, was sent off 43th in the slalom. "Nationalism has reared its ugly head over here," snapped Beattie.

Then the racers themselves made the most effective comment. Kidd placed third in the slalom behind 8 racers, Bonlieu of France and Pepi Stiegler of Austria, with Ferries fifth. The other good young American, Jimmy Heuga, was third in the giant slalom, won by Edvard Bruggmann of Switzerland.

At last, Europe's race-sighted ski officials began to get the message, and they proceeded to do something about it. This past weekend, before a pair of giant slaloms and one slalom held on the same chopped-up Eiger course the women had used earlier in the week, Robert Faure, chairman of the international seeding committee, wrote a letter suggesting that several Americans be added to the first flight of starters. Armed with this letter and his own loud voice ("I keep hollering at the Austrians"), Beattie got Werner, Heuga and Kidd into the top group for the first of two giant slalom races. Kidd finished fifth (the winner was Austria's Eggon Zimmermann), and might have done better on the fog-shrouded course but for one troublesome gate where he turned too wide. Werner, who started before Kidd and tied Heuga for seventh, tried to warn his teammates about the gate with a call over a walkie-talkie. But the call got through after Kidd had taken off: unwarned, he lost a couple of seconds on the way down.

The next day the entire American team flattered and fell (the best finish was Bill Marel's dreadful 30th). The Austrians, again led by Eggon Zimmermann, whose dominance of the pre-Olympic tune-ups has become a source of some awe to his rivals, took three of the top four places. The results of the slalom were just as disastrous for the U.S., but even more discouraging. Werner made a beautiful first run, and had the race won until he took one of his celebrated pitfalls only eight gates from the finish. "We'd been walking on air. It was time for a fall, I guess," said a gloomy Beattie afterward. "It's going to be tough now to get three guys in the top seed in the Olympics. We've got to ski better and I've got to keep hollering."

END



# BOATS LOOK LIKE BOATS AGAIN

Only two dates really matter to the amateur sailorman. One is the day he gets his boat overboard and starts another season afloat. The other is the day he gets to the boat show—any boat show—and begins making plans. During the next two months, an estimated 2.5 million impatient, winter-bound sailing buffs will be poking and prying around at boat shows in Cleveland (Jan. 11 to 19), Los Angeles (Jan. 17 to 26), New York (Jan. 18 to 26), San Francisco (Jan. 31 to Feb. 9), Miami (Feb. 14 to 19), Detroit (Feb. 15 to 23), Boston (Feb. 22 to

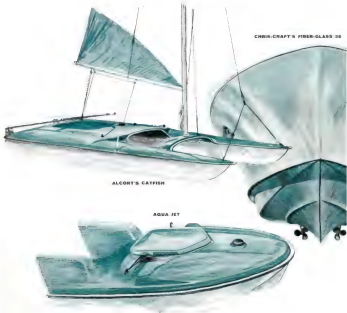
March 2), Chicago (March 21 to 29) and a host of smaller cities.

As usual, they will find all manner of alluring gadgets and gleaming heart's desires. But most of all they will find, surprisingly, that boats have begun to look like boats again. With Detroit's tail fin gone the way of all chrome, the emphasis in 1964 is back on performance. Unspectacular as they are, more attention is being paid to bottom this year than to topsides.

Frankly improving on the design of the famed Mopieps, which revolution-

ized ocean racing a few years back, Chris-Craft is bringing out a line of 18-foot fiber-glass cruisers whose modified V bottoms are said to go Mopie. Designer Ray Hunt one better. Instead of carrying the V all the way back from stern to stern, the new Chris-Craft tends to flatten out toward the stern. This, it is hoped, will give Chris-Craft's new fiber-glass cruiser performance as good as Mopie's at high speeds and still lesser drag at low speeds.

Offering new bottom design at a more modest level, the Evinrude Sweet 16—



first boat to bear this name made famous in outboard motors—has what its designers call a gull-wing bottom. The theory here is that a cushion of water trapped between the gull's wing tips and the V of its body will act as a shock absorber to provide a "soft level ride on Biscayne Bay, Puget Sound or an inland lake." Scrub-nosed and beamy, the 16 is designed to provide maximum cockpit space in a boat that is easily trailered into an average garage with the motor hanging. And it seems likely to achieve its purpose.

Every show has its complement of seagling novelties at which real sailors sneer. But there will be few water buffs who will not want at least to try the

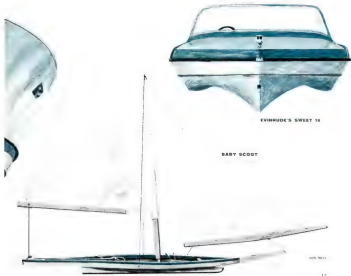
tiny, 3½-foot Aquin Jet, the Tinkertoy of this year's show. A boat so small that only the skipper's arms and chest can get aboard, its waicright 25-hp engine can carry a man along at speeds up to 25 knots and let him dose in and out of the water like a porpoise as his dangling legs serve as rudders.

Gadgets for those who prefer sail to power are, on the other hand, likely to drool over the sight of Alcor's trim little fiber-glass Catfish, the double-hulled cousin of the Surfish and Seifish 181. Dec. 161, boats that set a whole new style in sailing.

Not quite a gadget and yet not a boat, the sailing craft that may get check-books out of pockets quicker than any

other at this year's shows—particularly those along the northern tier—is the Baby Scoot, a streamlined version of the Scooter iceboats popular since the last century on the eastern end of Long Island's Great South Bay. A shallow gravity boat, 12 feet long that weighs no more than 70 pounds fully rigged, Baby Scoot can skim over the ice (and even small holes in the ice if need be). And since it costs a mere \$395, many an unwary sailor who thinks his money is safe till a thaw sets in may find himself hooked by a seductive little craft that he can try out tomorrow on the nearest frozen pond. It is either that, or go to Florida, or go frostbitering—and a good little dinghy costs \$600 or more.

—HUGH WHALL



EVINRUDE'S SWEET 16

BABY SCOOT

JOHN HALL

From humble beginnings — early achievement was rewarded by victories over Agogo, Turner's Sports Shop and the Miami Beach Casino Club — the University of Miami basketball team had pressed on for 28 years toward a humble future when Bruce Hale, known as Slick, arrived on campus to be the coach in 1954. No deliverer has ever been met with such generous apathy.

As a whole, Miami was not taken with basketball. "Our first game was played at the Miami Beach Auditorium," recalled Doris Hale, Slick's wife, at lunch last week. "A beautiful place. It seats

about 4,000. There were 75 people there to see us, including the ushers, and most of them were in the front row sitting down. I almost cried. I did cry."

"Seventy-six," said Bruce Hale.

"Seventy-six what?" said Doris, turning to her husband.

"Seventy-six people. That's more than 75. Think positively," said Hale.

Positively undespairing, Hale went on to have a losing season at Miami in 1954-55. He hasn't had a losing season since. His Hurricanes have won 157 of 240 games in nine years plus and now often play to capacity crowds at the

Miami Beach Convention Hall. As a regular treat they spot teams like San Francisco, Duke, Bradley, Louisville and Oklahoma City. Currently, they are only 9-4, with recent road losses to Florida and Florida State dimming a promising season. But they are a young team and have in Rick Barry, the coach's daughter's boy friend, one of the very best front-court players in the country and one of its top scorers.

Hale brought Miami its first All-America player (Dick Hickox), its first 7-footer (Mike McCoy, who believed that if he spent half his time asleep in

Though they have no gym to call their own, a coach devoted to positive thinking and a player obsessed with scoring points have changed this blasé city's attitude toward basketball by JOHN UNDERWOOD

## MIAMI'S PICKS: SLICK AND RICK



Setting his points on fire to the basket as usual, the Hurricane's Rick Barry (24) hooks right and left and his one on against Jacksonville

the dorm he would suffer the embarrassment of only half as many staring people, its first national ranking (10th in 1960), its first invitations to major tournaments (the NIT, the NCAA). And when once the Hurricanes traveled on hamburgers and milk shakes and experienced middle-of-the-night bus breakdowns in places like Micanopy, they now eat steak and jet to California.

Exactly how Hale manages it is a continuing wonder, however, because what Miami has not had in his time, or anybody's, is a field house. Neither does it have a gymnasium. In contrast to the school's extravagant football facilities, Hale works his team in a shabby little on-campus armory. The armory belongs to, and is occupied until 4:30 each day by, the U.S. Army. Basketball bouncing is not allowed until 4:31. "But it's much better than practicing outdoors or on borrowed time in high school gyms—which is what we used to do," says Hale. "I'm grateful to the Army."

Incongruously, Miami then plays its home games in the swish Miami Beach Convention Hall, or in the Auditorium next to it, before large and relatively impartial audiences, the Beach being 12 miles from the Miami campus. The recruiting effect is not nearly so bad as the effect on Hale's recruiting. "The first thing a boy wants to know is, 'Where do you play?' I can't show him a field house, so for now I tell him to think of the last time he watched a televised fight from Miami Beach. That's where you'll be playing, I tell him, I'm grateful to television."

Hale has been lobbying for a field house long enough for some of his players to have graduated and bred children since they first heard him talk about it. He gets frequent encouragement, but not one cement block. An eternal optimist whose fate, it seems, is to be surrounded by eternal pessimists, he goes on making plans because, says Denis Hale, "he is a man for challenges. The field house is a challenge." Better jobs have been offered him, too. Hale is a respected former professional player, coach and referee. But he will not leave Miami until he gets his field house, and once he gets it he probably will never leave.

Hale is 46, looks 35 and is called Slick, mostly out of censure, because of the

way he combs his hair—straight back and presumably uncombed since about 1943. A man without a pretension to call his own, he is undisturbed by the incalculable of his office: a clutter of boxes, dirty uniforms and old trophies in a single room below the spacious Miami football offices. His secretary is a portable typewriter the team gave him. "I get ticked when somebody tells me to 'have your secretary drop me a note,'" he says. "My secretary is me."

Hale is adored by his players. He allows them under his skin and into his home, where they eat his barbecue. They practice on his make-do court, swim in the pool he and Dean built, and, in Rick Barry's case, go steady with his daughter Pamela. He runs—or outruns, as the case may be, because he still is in fine shape—with them in practice and searches for ways to reward them. He spent \$150 on individual trophies to commemorate Miami's first NCAA tournament even though the team got sandbagged by 23 points in the first round. At Miami's last home game, he introduces the families by spotlight and presents orchids to the mothers.

Hale's discipline is too soft and his ship too loosely run by some standards. He pretels to regard his players as men and to let them come to their own conclusions. He walks out of practice without a word if he becomes angered, and after a stunning loss to Stensen last year the only thing he said on the bus ride home was, "Are you sure we're on the right road?"

But the most extraordinary thing about Hale is that he has the radical notion that it is extremely poor taste to yell at an official. When things are bad for his side, as they were the other night in Gainesville against Florida, he merely acquires the pained look of a man in need of a Rolaid and tries to keep very still. He has compassion for referees ("I was one, so I know their problems").

The current Miami team is neither the best nor the worst of Hale's creations, but Forward Barry is the best player he has ever had. The 6-foot-7, 19-year-old junior from Roselle Park, N.J. has averaged 30.9 points and 16 rebounds a game, set a record of 30 points in one and has been called "magnificent," "exceptional," "mighty fine" and, recently,

"better than Art Heyman" by admiring rival coaches. Hale's worry is that Barry can also equal Heyman's temper. He scored 35 points against San Francisco and then tried to throttle an opposing player for what he thought was an indiscreet elbow. He went careening into the first row atop Florida's Dick Tomlinson last week in Gainesville. In the NIT against Providence last year he threw the ball into the stands when charged with a foul just when Miami had cut a huge Providence lead to two points. The result was a technical foul, the ball was thrown to Providence, and quickly the lead shot up seven points, extinguishing Miami's chances.

Junior Guard John Dampier, a California junior college transfer who played with Cincinnati All-America Ben Bonham at Muske (Ind.) Central High School, is a deadly long-range shooter. With Barry, he made up the highest-scoring two-man punch in the country until the recent road trip, when he suddenly went cold. While Barry was pouring home 602 points in the three games, Dampier was held to 43, and Miami lost two out of the three, to Florida 114-91, and to Florida State 90-78.

It is reasonable to believe that Dampier's is a temporary failure, however. He scored 41 points against Army and 35 against Syracuse on successive nights in the Hurricane Classic, and when he is right, there is nothing safe within 40 feet of the basket.

The only senior in the Miami starting lineup is Guard Bernie Butts, an A student and an aspiring lawyer who was known as Boon-Boon in high school because he shot so much. Butts once scored 43 points in a single game for Hialeah (Fla.) High. Then he went to Kentucky, where Adolph Rupp told him he was going to stop shooting and be a playmaker. Boon-Boon's response was to shoot the first two dozen times he got his hands on the ball. Then he got married. Rupp was sufficiently distracted. Butts transferred to Miami where, not more than half a dozen boons later, he became Hale's best playmaker. At Slick's positive urging, of course. With such persuasive powers of recruiting as well as coaching, Slick Hale is going to be battling for an NCAA championship one day.

840



***A Jump for Joy Too Soon***

BY [illegible]





Behold John Hollowbread, suspended in air. He is the goalkeeper for London's Tottenham Hotspur soccer team and, poor devil, he thinks that way down there at the other end of the foggy field his teammates have just scored the winning goal against Chelsea. Alas, the shot was blocked, and John Hollowbread returned to earth.

# THE AMPHIBIOUS RESORTS

The coral gardens beneath the sea have become the most popular attraction of sunny Caribbea. In other waters there are loftier reefs and stranger creatures, but nowhere else is there such a vast estate of coral and crazy-colored fish so easily enjoyed. Ten years ago if he ventured far beyond the Florida Keys, the diver was on his own. Today, in every island group, there are guides who watch over the novice in the shallows and accompany the expert fathoms below. Coles Phinizy, who took these photographs of the Virgin Islands seascape, also swam with Allan Batham through the watery domain described on page 27. This is followed by a portfolio of swimsuits for swimming and Travel Facts to guide the traveler to the pleasures of the deep.

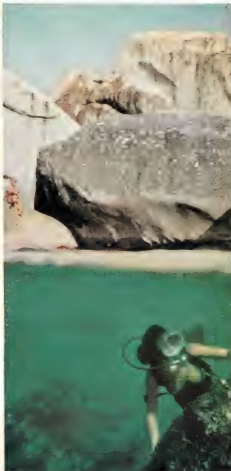
VIRGIN ISLAND GUIDE RED RAISCH SUPERVISES JOHN CHURCHILL'S FIRST SCUBA DIVE



IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS, THE SHEER SCARPS OF DROWNED MOUNTAINS CHALLENGE EXPERT DIVERS.



AND GIANT BOULDERS AFFORD A SPECTACULAR PLAYGROUND FOR SHALLOW-WATER DABBLERS





The typical, lavish Caribbean resort offers its guests a giddy array of artificial pleasures. But what many travelers want today is a simple place on an island yet unspoiled, where they can swim, snorkel, scuba dive, sail and fish. Those who have such a modest goal should look up the little island called Marina Cay and its proprietor, Allan Batham, who loves water and all that is on it and beneath it.

BY COLES PHINIZY



## SIX ACRES AND A SEA FULL OF GLORIES

Before the dawn of jet flight, the proprietor of a Caribbean hotel provided his guests with good beds, food and drink. He kept the scorpions out of the bedrooms, the flies out of the food and counted on the natural blessings of the area—the sand, sun and water—to keep business coming his way. Today these simple, agreeable appointments are rarely considered enough. Tourism is now a big industry; the mark of Hilton is not only on the land but on the sea as well, and Total Recreation is the order of the day.

A Caribbean resort may have the best beach this side of Bora Bora but, to be sure of customers, it must also have a swimming pool, preferably two. And convenient to these chlorinated wallows the resort must have various sheltered and open areas where the patrons can lunch, lounge and drink. There should also be one formal dining room where coat and tie are required, so that the guests, by shunning it, will feel they are going slightly to seed in the tropics. There should be one indoor cocktail lounge called The Boatman

Room or perhaps Blackbeard's Den, a dark and intimate place.

The complete modern resort has a shopping district, of course, and a casino, and tennis and golf. The golf fairways can be as wide as Red Square and so charitable that anyone can play around using only a wooden shafted stick, as long as the layout is studded with coconut palms and is as well groomed as any in Grove Pointe or Sewickley. To sum up, a successful Caribbean hotel need not have all the extravagant flourishes of Huntington Hartford's new Bahamian resort, Paradise Island, but it should be loaded with fun and games and have some of the casual magnificence of, say, Versailles or the Taj Mahal.

Considering all that Caribbean proprietors do offer and feel they should offer their guests, the little resort called Marina Cay in the British Virgin Islands is 20 graceful years behind the times. Marina Cay is a small island, a leaner, six-acre hillock that somehow managed to

*continued*

DIVERS ALLAN BATHAM AND TERÉ CARSTARPHEN INVADÉ A GROTTÓ FILLED WITH SHINY BAITFISH

keep its head above water through the geologic contortions of the past. Although Marina Cay does not have the gloss of a supersort, in every functional way it is modern. It is a suitable place for idle musing or profound thinking, and equally good for socializing, jolling, bunking, dunking, drinking, boating, angling, casual snorkeling and serious scuba diving. The international set from the Côte d'Azur and the guys and dolls who play in Vegas and Palm Springs could not stand Marina Cay. If suddenly exposed to its low pressure, they would explode.

Marina Cay is by no means unique. Graceful recreation is still possible elsewhere in the Caribbean, but it is a losing cause. The travel ads promise loveliness, and the calypso drums throb loud. The tourist kingdom of Greater Caribbean is running out of unspoiled islands. Measured in time and space, the British Virgins are the end of the line. They are the easternmost mountaintops of a submerged continent fronting the Atlantic abyss. None of the 30-odd islands and islets in the group is very large, and because of their small size and situation on the windward edge of the Caribbean, they have usually been passed up by exploiters ancient and modern. The *whining* come-on, "unspoiled," can still honestly be applied to all of them. They will succumb in time, but Marina Cay, one of the least, will spoil slowly, because it has several unusual forces working for it, the most tangible and obvious one being its proprietor, 47-year-old Allan Batham of England.

Batham is an innkeeper, a sailor and a diver, all by choice. He is a large man. His hands and arms are the sort dock workers need; his calves are the kind often seen in football defense platoons. In the face of minor setbacks, he sometimes erupts, fuming and emitting a few bellows, but before hot lava squirts from either ear he falls silent. Ordinarily he is soft-spoken and collected, his countenance often dominated by a wide smile that exposes some of his molars. Like many sailors and divers, Batham adheres to the rather old and humble idea that the human race does not own the world but is merely a tenant, privileged to use it and responsible for leaving it in decent condition. His particular ambition is that Marina Cay shall be for people who do not need or want Total Recreation—a place "for those who have enough inner resources to recharge their own batteries."

Certain requirements of Total Recreation, notably golf, are out of the question on little Marina Cay. A swimming pool could be blasted out of the cay's rocky coast, but this will not happen as long as Batham is in charge. There already is water enough all around. A quarter-mile are of fringing reef, fretted by surge and decoratively edged with palm coral, guards the windward side of the island—a suitable playground for shell collectors, flotsam pickers and novice scuba divers. The shoals off the north quarter support spotty pastures of finger coral and brainlike patches of staghorn, where spunky damselfishes and little wrasses play peek-a-boo for novice snorkelers. Between the snorkeling grounds and the western edge of the fringing reef, a sand bottom slopes away gradually enough to suit any dunker too timid to lift a foot from the bottom or put his head below the surface.

Presumably working on the absurd theory that beauty must be explained, on certain reefs of the American Virgin

Islands the National Park Service has put underwater signs identifying the corals and fishes, crassly thrusting knowledge upon those who may not want it. On Batham's reef the corals still grow unnamed and the little fish still swim namelessly about. The mystery that enhances natural beauty is preserved.

In the perfect model of a modern resort in the sun, the coconut palms, the omnipresent totems of Caribbean, are often wind. They light up at night, washing away the stars. There are five young palms on Marina Cay, all of them situated on low ground near the edge of the water, where the cumbersome seaborne seed of the species normally takes hold. They do not light up. On Marina Cay the night overhead is preserved; the moon, the bright eye of Taurus and the jewels of Orion's sword belt are elegantly displayed. The nearby islands and the silver sea are sometimes glorified by the lightning winks of distant storms, and this is an aspect of an electrical show as Batham feels his small island needs.

There is one lounge, one dining area and no organized bar on Marina Cay. The guests bartered for themselves from a selection of very good whiskies, gin, rum and liqueurs stored in a discreet wine tun on a thatched roof veranda outside the lounge. The veranda, which also serves as the diving area, is architecturally ordinary, but like every portal and window on the island, it looks out on beauty. There are flowers close by—sea oleander, poinciana, yellow cedar and pride of Barbados—and in the background the many colors of the sea. Across the water the larger islands of the group ordinarily shine bright and green, but sun shafted through the clouds can suddenly turn any one of them to solid silver, while a nimbus cloud disgorging rain changes another into a dark, soggy monster. There is no fixed tropical scene but, rather, a constant flux of colors and shapes, moods and perspectives.

Batham and Marina Cay, though suited to each other, met quite by chance. Back in England after naval service in World War II, Batham had progressed to the managing directorship of a meat-packing firm. Though he was forging ahead, striving to keep up with the fiscal spiral, playing a resolute part in the minority Liberal Party and having some fun as a sailor and scuba diver, Batham did not consider his future altogether attractive. He was leading more and more the comestor's life—one in which he might well end up addicted to the leathery fatness of a London club, while his good wife Jean became a habitual of various worthy committees in suburbia. "There was," Batham explains, "no human future in it." In 1958, when both their children's education had been secured, the Bathams gave it all up and came out from England in their 38-foot ketch, bound for British Columbia.

While lying over in Jamaica, Batham learned of a shipyard that needed managing in the British Virgins and took the job. For lack of capital the yard floundered, and the Bathams, also low on capital, were castaways. Marina Cay lay only a gunshot out from the shipyard, and there was on the cay even then a concrete house built some 20 years before. While deciding where to go next, the Bathams subleased Marina Cay. Private and charter yachts anchored often in the lee of the island, and the Bathams frequently invited the crews ashore for lunch. In this way they bucked



into the resort business, and Marina Cay has been humming along at the sociable pace of an English country house overseas.

Here and there in the British Virgins the discarded beer cans already shine in the sand, but there is no real blight on the islands yet. This is because the heaviest traffic in the past has been sailors chartering out of the American Virgins (SI, Jan. 11, 1960). The sailors are joined now by a growing crowd of divers who, like sailors, get their pleasure from the natural offerings of the sea and are rarely impressed by elaborate accommodations. With these two breeds ascendant, the immediate future of the British Virgins is attractive, and as a resort owner, a sailor and a diver, Allan Batham is a triple asset.

To fill the needs of his clientele, in the past few years Batham has been collecting boats the way some people collect stray dogs—all kinds and sizes. In his pleasure fleet there are now two Tortoisian sloops, one Dutch double-ended sloop, a 30-foot Pacemaker cruiser from south Jersey, a Boston Whaler, a Norwegian diesel launch, a Scottish from Connecticut, a surfboat from South Carolina and assorted runabouts, skiffs and dinghies of plastic and wood. Batham does not teach diving, but he has the equipment and a compressor to fill tanks and will go as a companion with intermediate and advanced scuba divers who want to see bigger country than the small reef off Marina Cay. Batham has dived some ragged part of every island in the British Virgin group, and has traveled more than 50 miles underwater, towed behind a boat. He knows the best and safest underwater caves in the tumble of house-size boulders off the island of Virgin Gorda. He has found staves of eight of the 53 wrecks that lie off the flat and lonely island of Anegada and has spent many hours picking through the vast, tangled skeleton of the steamshipet *Albatross*, which went down with 135 people off Salt Island 97 years ago. He is an old hand at diving and, though he still savors it fully and is a model of caution, his matter-of-factness can be disarming to scuba guests who have spent, say, a mere 100 hours below. Before a dive he is apt to conclude his topside advice by saying, "We may see a large shark here. If so, be aggressive." While the guest is mulling this cogent tidbit, Batham flops over backward into the sea.

The present relationship of host and guest in the British Virgins is an unusual one, not likely to survive the dulling effect of mass tourism, and that is a pity. As things now stand, a guest is not treated like a potentate, or even as a customer who is necessarily right. In the British Virgins hosts and guests are reckoned to be one species sharing the adventures of innkeeping. This does not mean a guest is expected to wash his dinner dishes, but merely that, if there are any harmless old skeletons in closets, any letters in the attic worth enjoying, the guest is welcome to share them. There has not been a rat on Marina Cay, for example, since the first guest arrived, but at breakfast Batham is apt to point out the wooden sugar spoon prized by him and prized also four years ago by an errant rat that carried it off three times. To prove this, Batham will point to the teeth marks on the spoon.

The perfect model of a resort manager in Caribbea does not show rat marks to his guests or even suggest that the grand old world traveler, the Norway rat, was ever there.

Batham does, but he deserves little credit on this count. This sort of in-furly confidence characterized the Treasure Isle Hotel and the Port Burt in the British Virgins before Batham came. Until two years ago at the Treasure Isle, every night between two minutes of 10 and two minutes after, a rat would leave the roof of one guest unit and travel by way of a power line to a favorite palm. It was the custom of the hosts and guests of Treasure Isle, drinking together on the second-story veranda, to applaud this high-wire act. Alas, the rat is gone, and without this high point of the evening at Treasure Isle as at Batham's place after dinner the hosts and guests have been reduced to random discussions of world affairs, the dramatic arts, the nebular hypothesis, Freud, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, agrarian reform, Christina Keeler, the Doppler effect and other trivial matters.

In the British Virgins there is one force, however unreal it may be, that is strongly felt. Like some small islands in Polynesia, the Virgins seem to have a capacity for eliciting proper love from all comers. For several centuries they were islands of desperation. Quakerism, an epitome of love, was tried there and failed. Slavery is the only human institution that ever prospered there. The two most distinguished sons of the islands—Dr. John Lettisome, a noted 18th century surgeon, and Dr. William Thornton, designer of the U.S. Capitol—both considered the British Virgins a good place to be from. The islands, for sure, have needed love and in some way now seem sensitized to it.

There are those who believe that the force of a man stays in the land when he leaves. Allan Batham of Marina Cay has himself remarked: "I know a church in Cornwall that is so dead as mutton, but I know a glade near that church that is so alive you can hardly stand it." The first time he climbed the choked path to the abandoned house on Marina Cay, Batham remembers a particular sense of peace—not an emptiness but a positive, compulsive force. Others have noticed it. When the fringe of a hurricane is tormenting the island, the foliage near the water flails the ground. On the brow of the hill, unaffected by the friction of the sea, the wind should be stronger, but it is actually slackest, as if in some way it were being fended off. There should be turbulence even on the lee side of such a small island, but in the middle of a gale the leaves barely stir. A sudden falcon sits untroubled on a bare branch. A brown booby goes its crazy, veering way, hunting fish as if the day were fair and fine.

Although Batham did not know it when he first came there, the prior occupants of Marina Cay had loved it much. Some Americans may remember them: a wanderer named Robb White and his wife Rodie, who went there in the mid-'30s seeking a place where they could make their own way untrammelled. Robb White wrote two books about their frugal and unusual life. His affection for the island is on almost every page, but in the end he lost his claim to the property.

The thought that any man's love for an island can have a lasting and protective effect is an attractive one, even if fanciful. Whatever the effect, Marina Cay has the ghost of Robb White's old love hanging over it and a very resolute man named Allan Batham now guarding its virtues. Few small islands in modern Caribbea are that lucky.

# SWIMSUITS THAT ARE MADE TO GET WET

The best news for amphibious ladies this resort season is that swimsuits are meant to get wet. Until now the swimmer's preference for immersion was either a bikini or a nylon tank suit. New materials have changed all of that. Among the new knits are suits of two-way-stretch Lycra or linen and Arnel that barely brush the body when dry, cling like seaweed when wet. Lightweight-wool suits dry quickly; they are lined with silk for opacity, can be covered when still wet with a silky shift. Even leather has been sheared to skin thinness and treated to withstand the onslaughts of salt and chlorine. The leather swimsuits on the following pages take to the sea as naturally as a seal's skin. The five new suits on these pages, photographed in the waters of Cozumel, are all available at Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; and I. Magnin on the West Coast.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

HIBISCUS-PATTERNED LYCRA SHIFT (\$119) BY RIKKI OF SPORT TRIO IS STRAPLESS





LEATHER SWIMSUITS GLISTEN IN THE SAPPHIRE SEA OF QUINTANA ROO. THE TWO-PIECE HIP-KICKER IS



MADE OF WHITE KID, THE BAREBACK MAILLOT OF SUEDE. BOTH SUITS ARE BY ROSE MARIE REID





SAND-COLORED ARNEL-AND-LINEN KNIT (\$265) BY HARBOR ROAD IS HAND-LOOMED TO FIT

ULLA'S SILK-AND-RAYON SHIFT (\$185) REPEATS PRINT OF THE WOOL MAILOT BENEATH (\$255)



## SNEAKERS AND SNORKELS

In the shallows off Tobago, octogenarians in sneakers stand knee-deep on Buccoo Reef and watch the fish through face plates. Off Cozumel, Bonaire and Anegada, more adventurous divers explore sunken galleons. All are discovering the beauties of the world below the surface of the sea. The map on these pages and the Travel Facts that follow show where to find the best guides, the gear, the fish, the reefs and the wrecks





## A Fish Watcher's Guide to the Caribbean

In all the clear warm waters that surround the islands illustrated on the previous pages half a swimmer's day seems to be spent face down with a mask, watching the strange, beautiful world beneath the sea. The mask, the snorkel and the flipper are mastered quickly and safely enough by anyone able to dog-paddle in the shallows. More advanced diving with tanks of compressed air that take a man below the surface into the fishes' realm is not so simple. Scuba diving, as it is called, for "self-contained underwater breathing apparatus," should never be attempted without instruction and never be done alone.

One of the best places to learn is Bermuda. All guides and instructors are licensed by the government marine board. Park Brock (31, Sept. 9 & 16, 1957), a former Philadelphia newspaperman, and his wife Jeanne are particularly good with beginners. They conduct supervised fish-watching, snorkeling trips in a shallow marine garden, providing snorkel, mask, flippers and a guide for \$5 an hour. After indoctrination in a swimming pool, the Brooks take beginning scubaism on a dive of from eight to 10 feet to see a 19th-century ship's anchor, providing all gear and instruction for \$8. Bermuda law prohibits the rental of regulators, the vital and sensitive breathing apparatus used with scuba tanks. This is one piece of equipment experienced divers take with them wherever they dive—they often rent the heavy tanks and harness on the spot. Brock takes more competent divers down 20 feet to the wreck of the 19th-century packet *St. George Somers*, which he has stocked with replica pieces of eight for diving ascenders. He also has a 20-foot underwater-photography dive for \$30.

The Bermuda Divers Company has a 20-foot boat, the *Showwater*, especially designed for scuba expeditions. Ten fully equipped divers and a few snorkelers who go along to watch from the surface are taken on day-long expeditions to the towering reefs in the morning and in the afternoon to one of the 200 to 300 wrecks that lie on the inner and outer reefs of Bermuda waters.

Bermuda Divers charges \$14 for divers using their own equipment, \$22, including two tanks, for those using the company's gear and \$6 for snorkelers, who must be good swimmers. They will also arrange scuba lessons in the Bermudian Maud pool at \$8 for 1½ hours.

For experienced divers, T. J. Widgen

and Son rent filled tanks and weight belts for \$4.50 the first day, \$4 the second, \$3 the third. Tanks are refilled for \$2. Park Brock rents masks, snorkels and flippers for \$5 a week. From now till early spring, Bermuda's waters, so clear you can see 200 feet, are also a chill 62°, and a foam-rubber wet suit is advisable. You have to take your own suit. No spear guns are allowed in Bermuda, and the fish are so tame they will eat out of your hand. A warning thought: there's gold in those waters—Professional Diver Teddy Tucker has brought up \$200,000 worth of treasure.

In the Bahamas area, from Key Largo to Key West, skin diving is such a popular sport that there is an Underwater Guides Association which has 35 member guides, all registered and licensed by the state. The group has established standard prices for instruction and rental of equipment throughout the Keys. All of them teach beginning snorkeling and all stages of scuba. They take customers to both the inner and outer reefs, to wrecks that date to pirate days and to the Pensacola Coral Reef Preserve off Key Largo where grow the only living beds of coral off the shores of the continental U.S. Head of the group is Captain Hugh Brown of Islamorada, who will furnish the names and addresses of all the guides in the Keys. Cap-



tain Brown has a 44-foot, twin-diesel boat that sleeps six and a crew of two. He takes skin-diving charters to the Bahamas, the Dry Tortugas, Cay Sal and other offshore places for a minimum of \$123 a day. Day trips in Florida waters cost a minimum of \$30. In the Keys lessons are \$30, complete gear rental \$7 per day.

In the Bahamas, where water temperatures rarely slip below 72°, where the coral formations are spectacular and the water is as clear as a dry Martini, the biggest skin-diving season ever is getting under way. No area is better equipped for the sport. The Gardner Youngs and Charles Beders, who operate MM Underwater Tours, take two reef tours a day,

seven days a week, to the lee sides of New Providence and Exuma. They start beginners in a hotel pool; MM has instructors at the Montage Beach, the Pilot House, the Dolphin, the Nassau Beach and the Emerald Beach. Once indoctrinated and ready to go to sea, skin divers are picked up at 9 a.m. at their beach in a Volkswagen bus and taken to the Nassau Yacht Haven, where a cabin cruiser, the *Queen Anne's Revenge*, licensed specifically for skin diving, sets out at 9:30 for one of 73 locations. The price is \$30 for the full-day trip with scuba, \$10 with snorkel. The cruiser sometimes takes "lookers" who pay \$5 for the ride and gaze at the world below through a glass-bottomed bucket. One qualified staff member of the firm descends with every two divers. After two hours on the reef, the *Queen Anne's Revenge* returns to Yacht Haven, and swimmers are back at the hotels at 1 p.m. Another tour leaves at 1:30. Bahamas Water Sports owns the *Mama*, a 35-foot, twin-diesel cruiser berthed at the Nassau Harbour Club. The Howard Adamsons, who operate the *Mama*, take groups to a variety of spots, leaving at 9:30 in the morning, returning at 1. Price for a novice, with instruction and all gear, is \$25; for experienced divers, \$20; for snorkeling alone, \$10. The *Mama* is well-equipped with life-saving gear, tank rack, fresh-water shower and a rear surface-level platform to facilitate diving. She draws only 2½ feet of water and outlaws the reefs as far asfield as Andros, Eleuthera and Exuma.

In the winter months, Branson Hanley has an old-fashioned helter-skelter cruise leaving Yacht Haven each morning and afternoon. The cruise costs \$9, including a reef trip. Each passenger spends 20 minutes underwater, walking 14 feet down on the ocean floor among schools of some reef fish.

In addition to these, the following resort hotels on various of the outer islands specialize in skin-diving activities. Prices vary considerably with the area and the number of people in a group, but the Bahamas Development Board, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, can furnish the particulars. The Grand Bahamas Club, Grand Bahamas Island, has all sorts of equipment to rent, boats, guides and wetsuit instruction in its pool. The Fishing Hole on Grand Bahamas has a half-day trip, including an instructor and snorkeling gear, at \$10 per person. The Staniel City Yacht Club

(Continued on page 42)



Imagine a car that goes like a Pontiac, rides like a Pontiac, looks like a Pontiac and works like a wagon. Hmmm, you just invented our Safari again. Imagine that. What we do, for you, is simply start with a load space (more than 96 cubic feet) which is very useful for hauling skis and evergreens and groceries all day and enough people for a party later on. Then we set it on Wide-Track, which is why you won't notice many bumps and curves any more. Up front we put a Trophy V-8 with enough gumption for exploring back roads or gobbling up turnpikes. Inside and out we lavish Pontiac styling, which leaves little to say once you've seen it. Now imagine yourself in a Safari, then think about how soon you can visit your Pontiac dealer.

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Why? Because this eight-year-old will have books, pictures, maps, charts, lists, diagrams, graphs that even Leonardo da Vinci never dreamed of.

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All these creature comforts are standard equipment on every Corvette Sting Ray Sport Coupe and Convertible. Cars that put performance first should consider the human factor too.

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Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

1964 CORVETTE STING RAY BY CHEVROLET

There's nothing definite, mind you, but when former Heavyweight Champion **Gene Tunney** said, "One of the nicest tributes you could pay me would be to cast a vote for my son," California Democrats at a Palm Springs singling got the distinct impression that 35-year-old **John Varik Tunney** would soon come out fighting for a seat in the House of Representatives.

"With the score tied at 3-3 and with two out, I worked the Navy pitcher for a base on balls. I was no Ty Cobb, but in those days I could run. So I went down on the first pitch and was enough the catcher threw wild. The ball got away from the second baseman and I kept on going. The ball was headed over the third baseman's head and I trotted home with what proved to be the winning run in a 4-3 contest. I was far from a brilliant ballplayer . . . but that game will always stand as one of my happiest memories." So writes ballplayer, General of the Army and now autobiographer **Douglas MacArthur** in *Life* magazine of the game he helped win for West Point in 1905.

"I don't particularly want to be another Cary Grant," said handsome young screen star **James Garner** as he completed 18 holes at Hollywood's Bel-Air Country Club. "I'd rather be another Jack Nicklaus." Garner's secret: a three-under-par 69.

As one of the original members of the "million dollar" syndicate that controls—or tries to—Cassius **Marcelino Clay**, recently retired tobacco man **William Sol Cutchins** dropped down to Miami the

other day to check on the progress of his young investment. How was Clay planning to handle **Linton Cutchins** wanted to know. "Just step out here on the terrace and I'll show you," said the greatest. Considerably less than one round later the tobacco man returned with his left ear noticeably reddened.

While the Southeastern Conference Coach of the Year, Mississippi State's **Paul Davis**, was concentrating on football with his fellow coaches at the NCAA convention in New York, his wife, **Mary Earle Davis**, dropped around to a TV show called *Concentration* and concentrated well enough to win a fur coat, several hundred dollars and a trip to Italy for both Davises.

As a two-time winner of the famed "500 on Indianapolis" Speedway, **Rodger Ward** rolled home with total prizes of \$232,000. As a two-time loser on Indiana's highways, **Rodger Ward** may be walking home. Last week an Indiana judge upheld Ward's second speeding conviction, which gave the driving champion an aggregate of 12 penalty points, or enough to lose him his driving license.

In a presagent's West Indian hashish dream, **Chuck Full o' Nuts** **Jackie Robinson** (at right, using a baseball bat), **Cricket** **Jackie Hadricks** (using a cricket ball and bat), **Track Star** **Herb McKenley** (using his feet as a basketball), **Dress Designer** **Fred Perry** (using a tennis ball and racket) and the local golf pro, **Caleb Hays** (playing left-handed with a right-handed club), went through the motions of a hole

of golf on a Kingston, Jamaica course. The cricketer won with a double-bogey 6.

Around the middle of the last century, Americans were goggle-eyed over London's Crystal Palace—a miracle of advanced architecture. Now it was England's turn to gape. Staring in disbelief at the huge, domed, \$34 million stadium that will soon be the home of the Houston Colt .45s, Britain's Minister of Public Building and Works **Geoffrey Rippon** capitulated abashedly. "There has been nothing like it," he said, "since the Roman Colosseum."

If swim stars like **Johnny Weissmuller** and **Buster Crabbe** can do it, why can't a football star like **Frank Gifford** swing through the trees and into the nation's living rooms as the newest **Tarzan**? That was the question asked by **Sy Weintraub**, and without waiting for an answer the

bumpkins TV producer started mentally measuring the Giant flanker back for a leopardskin. But Y. A. Tittle's hoop target was in no mood to take up residence in the jungle. "Me Tarzan?" he said in effect. "You insane."

In any other patient they would have diagnosed the trouble as tennis elbow, but "In this case," admitted Dr. **Peter J. Bonak**, who was doing his best to ease **Dwight D. Eisenhower's** bothersome joint complaint, "I guess you might say it was golf elbow."

"The most satisfying tackle of my career," was the way the University of Arkansas' **Jim John** described it. But the fleet young **Razorback** end was not just telling an old football season; he was telling how he brought down an eight-point buck with his bare hands after failing nine times to kill it with buckshot in his first try at deer hunting.



Sun!  
Golf!



this winter in the comfort  
and luxury of the

## ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL

Private, magnificent, 15-hole championship course. Many, many other luxuries. This resort is a happy paradox. . . . It is as if a complete, cosmopolitan hotel had been transferred to the desert and set down on a 1,000-acre wash of lavas, flowers, citrus groves. . . . Here you enjoy the sunny Southwest in the fullest without having to go the least bit "Western" or giving up the comforts of home. For this great resort is staffed and operated as a fashionable, metropolitan luxury hotel. Modified *Am. Plan* includes breakfast, dinner. For personal address, contact Harry R. Williams, V.P., Gen. Manager, ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL • PHOENIX, ARIZ.



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BOXING / John Lovesey

## A Continental comeback

Floyd Patterson may be a loser at home but in Sweden, where he won his first fight since the two Liston floos, he is a national hero

To be successful a professional boxer must keep his mind devoted solely to the task at hand. This is not the case with Floyd Patterson today, a confused yet compelling man. Attempting a comeback in Stockholm last week after two crushing defeats by Sonny Liston, Patterson seemed oddly distracted. "Once I got past the first round I was all right," he said later. "When the bell sounded at the start, the memory of those other fights came back to me. I jabbed and backed off, and after the first round had ended I sighed and was relieved." Even so, it still took Patterson seven more ragged rounds to beat an outclassed Italian fighter named Sante Amatori. Sadly, Floyd was like a maddener who has lost the secret of the clean kill.

Patterson came into the Jellanecher stadium, with its stuffy atmosphere, in strict rule against smoking and its mien of gray-clothed Swedes, wearing the same white robe he used in Las Vegas. He looked fit and young, a fighter without the face of a fighter, and although he insisted he was psychologically ready, there was a touch of timidity about his performance. In the first round he made the elementary mistake of leading with a wild right that missed and put him off balance. He looked, as a British reporter at ringside quipped, as if he "was digging the garden." In the second and fourth rounds when Floyd knocked Amatori down he went over to help him up, before the referee, annoyed, brushed him aside to make his count. "I knew I hadn't hit him hard enough to keep him down, so I thought I'd help him up," says Patterson's simple explanation for his peculiar behavior.

Thoughts not associated with professional boxing revolve more than ever in Patterson's curious, intelligent mind, often stinging him with bitter memories:

the color line, the cost of stained glass windows in a church while the poor starve outside, and the present solace of his life, a close relationship with the Swedish people. Proving to a fashion advertisement in Stockholm, dressed in a sports jacket and elegant gray trousers, Patterson asked, "Where in America would I be asked to model suits?" And quietly, "New York? Alabama?"

Despite this deep-rooted resentment, Patterson retains a moving faith in his own country. The Swedes have helped to anesthetize some of the wounds he feels he bears. "After the second fight with Liston, I thought perhaps it would be better if I retired," he said the other day in Stockholm's Apollonia Hotel. "I wanted to continue fighting, but I decided people wouldn't think well of me. I received a lot of letters—about 70—came from Sweden—and they helped me to make up my mind. I thought Sweden

SHOWING COSMOPOLITAN BOXER PATT.





would be a good place to come for a fresh start. They don't even like fighting here but they like me!"

At Patterson's request, Championship Sports arranged with Edwin Ahlqvist, Ingemar Johansson's old manager, to promote a match in Stockholm. Floyd trained at home, but to flash his preparation he flew to Sweden at the end of November, going first to Valadalen, a sports center in the northern half of the country. "Completely lost about my defeat by Liston the moment I landed in Sweden," remarked Floyd. "Over here they're still talking about the last fight with Ingemar."

During the Patterson-Johansson fights most Swedish newspapers set circulation records. When Patterson visited the country in 1960 he immediately became a Swedish hero. Although Johansson aroused in his people a rationing fever, Patterson touched on something else. They feel he is sympathetic, a quality they never could perceive in their own countryman. In a very unusual way their hearts have gone out to him. According to one Swedish correspondent, he has seen the Swedes break up over only two people in the past five years: Lyndon Johnson, when he visited the country, and Floyd Patterson.

In a country where people are noted for a reluctance to publicly reveal emotion, Floyd cannot walk outside without having displays of affection directed at him. Visiting the Operakällaren, grandest of Stockholm's restaurants, he

was surrounded by some elderly female diners. One of them kissed his hand; the crowd her hand in return; while another grabbed him around the waist from behind in order to kiss his neck. He has been inundated not only by ordinary fan mail but also by a mountain of gifts ranging from paintings to glass vases, poetry, carved butter knives from little boys and dolls from little girls. His 25th birthday, two days before the fight, virtually became a national occasion.

In return, Patterson is currently giving a series of exhibition bouts for Swedish charities and has paid visits to local hospitals. "I was asked if I'd like to live here permanently," said Floyd. "I couldn't do that, but I do feel a closeness with the Swedish people that I have never felt anywhere else. I feel part of every person. It is like being in a family."

The American people, Patterson feels, have usually understood him better than the American press. "I hate to keep going back, but the night I knocked Johansson out for the second time I bowed to the people. The reporters claimed I was bowing to them as if to say, 'Now I've shown you.' It just wasn't true. I've decided I'll never bow again."

"Some people yelled that they were robbed after the last Liston fight. Perhaps they were, but think how I felt. If they could just see the months of preparation. All that grinding work for the fight, and then, boom, one punch and out."

"I'm not looking to get the title back but to fighting Sonny again. Right now I don't deserve the chance. My comeback, if successful, should take a couple of years. People say that if I still want to fight Liston I must hate him; I don't hate him. I do not hate anyone, because hate hurts the mind. I have no feeling toward Liston whatsoever, except I feel sorry for him. He looks like a person who hates. If he does, he must be miserable."

To provide the first rung of the ladder leading to, perhaps, another crack at Liston, Edwin Ahlqvist found for Floyd a fighter described by a cartoonist in the newspaper *Aftonbladet* as "the only one who could be found in Europe with eyebrows as long as Floyd's." Ranked among the top European heavyweights, Samir Amrani has been in the comeback business himself for four years, periodically announcing his retirement.

Before the fight the odds on Patterson ranged around 4 to 1. At a dignified

—CHRONICLE

PATTERSON KISSES AN ADMIRER'S HAND



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weigh-in Floyd scaled 191½ pounds, a pound heavier than Amonti, a shorter, stockier man. In the Johanneshov stadium the fight was a sellout: 11,300 paid prices ranging up to a small Swedish fortune of 120 kronor (\$23.34) for each ringside seat. Of \$120,000 in gate receipts, Floyd took about a 50% cut.

In the dressing room before the fight the ex-world champion brooded. "I was worried about giving the Swedish people a good show, more than anything else," Patterson said later. "Winning was pretty important but giving a good show seemed even more important." He was also concerned about the fourth professional fight of his brother Ray, who was meeting a Swedish fighter called Lars Norling. Floyd arranged to have Ray fight after him so that he could settle his own problems first. (Ray Patterson, as it turned out, lost on points in six rounds because a majority of the judges felt he landed too many blows with the inside of his gloves.)

"I am going in to win quickly if I can," remarked Floyd beforehand. "I don't intend to take any chances." In the second and fourth rounds he put Amonti down. In both cases Amonti took compulsory counts of eight, standing most of the time. In the last round, the eighth of a scheduled 10-round contest, Floyd again managed to knock Amonti down, but again the game Italian took the count standing. When Floyd then sent Amonti staggering like a cowboy in a western barroom brawl, the referee stepped in and stopped the fight.

Although Amonti did not win a round, he did hit Patterson often. The Italian was able to lean on Patterson and tie him up and, while Floyd himself was fast in sports, he showed himself painfully open in his defense. He was not even a dull reflection of what he once was. The moves were missing and the parring was substandard. He had Amonti going and then let him off the hook, and when the Italian stood in front of him he couldn't finish him properly.

When the fight was over, Floyd still seemed unsure of himself. "Amonti was such a fine sportsman I found it difficult to take advantage of some opportunities," he said. "But then I am a bit off distance and not as sharp as I should be. After only two rounds in two years, I was satisfied." Saying this, Patterson departed. He was taking Sam Amonti out to dinner.

BELL & HOWELL

## *Pick a spot, then hit the putt firmly*

The most frequent mistake made on the short putt is not hitting the ball firmly enough. This causes the putt to either die short of the hole, which is infuriating, or slip off to one side because the ball's slow reaction lets the slope of the green or a bumpy spot have an excessive effect. If you are having short-putt trouble, check three points in your putting technique. First, you should not start choking down on the club when faced with a short putt. Doing so makes the club feel much lighter than usual and is likely to cause a jerky, uneven stroke. This is an error we all fall into. To be sure that it does not happen to me, I have made my putter grip so short that I can hold it only near the top. Second, you should concentrate on making a firm stroke, not just at impact, but after impact as well. To insure this, push the putter blade well through the ball and run toward the hole. Third, after considering the break and determining the line to the hole, you should try picking out a spot on that line, about five or six inches short of the hole, and aim the putt at it. I do this, and it seems to at least get the putt started in the right direction.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY

*Aiming at a spot along the line of the putt will help you keep the putt on line and also improve your concentration. The stroke (below) must be firm, with the head of the putter carried well through toward the hole.*



## SNEAKERS AND SNORKELS

continued from page 18

on Esanua, is two-man submarine. The Current Club on Eleuthera furnishes face masks and snorkels to guests, but has no scuba gear. The Elbow Cay Club on Abaco organizes underwater treasure hunts. Small Hope Bay Lodge on Andros caters to experienced divers. It has 12 complaint rigs to hire but suggests that guests bring



fins, masks and regulators. The Avila Hills Inn Club's Forty Thieves' Ship takes up to 16 persons on a day's excursion for \$20 per person with all equipment. Peter Lloyd's Game & Sportfishing Resort at Spanish Wells is among the best-equipped in the Bahamas. Snorkeling gear and a Bessan Whaler come with each honeymoon cottage, which rents for \$125 per week. And scuba equipment, guides, sea sleds, power submarine and glass-bottomed boats are all available for hire.

**CUMUETI**, an island off the coast of Quintana Roo on the Yucatan Peninsula, is the setting for the Sporting Look pictures in this issue. Its beaches and waters are among the most beautiful in the Caribbean. There are many good guides. The most sought after is Ramon Zapata—James Cousteau came to Cumueta to dive with him among sunken Spanish galleons and Mayan ruins. Zapata and the other Cumueta guides insist the novice in the quiet water of Chancabab lagoon before taking him to the spectacular reefs in the nearby Caribbean. A Coumeta guide not only takes you out where the fish, conch, crayfish, grouper and snapper live, but cooks a beach picnic, Coumeta fashion, with the day's catch. If you are not up to spending your own lunch, you can lie in the sun on the boat while your guides do the work, but that is not half the fun. Conch becomes the basis for ceviche, with fat Yucatan avocados; crayfish are split and grilled over coals or steamed with round white pom-pom in a stew of green palm leaves. Grouper is filleted and fried in oil with garlic. A day's diving with Zapata, including the picnic and beer, costs \$8 per person. Coumeta guides rent complete scuba equipment for \$6 per day, snorkeling gear for \$1.20. It is best to bring your own mask and spear gun. The best place to stay for diving is the new Coumeta Caribe, in a coconut grove at the

edge of a superb white-sand beach. Rates are \$16 American plus for a single, \$28 double.

**AMERICA** has an interesting fragment of history on its south shore: the seafaring city of Port Royal, once the pirate capital of the world and one of the wickedest and wealthiest cities in the Western Hemisphere before it dropped beneath the sea in an earthquake in 1692. Morgan's Harbour Hotel is built on the ruins of the King's Yards of the old city and, although the water tends to be murky, skin divers can still find the ruins of two old forts. Tradeswind Underwater Tours at Morgan's Harbour has compressors and scuba and snorkeling gear for hire. They also take guided excursions to Line City and Maiden City for \$40 per half day, \$75 all day, for four, all equipment included. At Bull Bay, Grant's Pen and Cove Bay, east of Kingston, the spearfishing line for many kinds of rock fish. Spear guns are allowed all over Jamaica except in swimming areas and rivers.

On the north shore, scuba stretch from Montego Bay to Ocho Rios and Port Antonio. At Montego Bay, the Sea Clubs Diving School at the Chatham Hotel has a compressor and equipment for hire. Instruction in scuba and snorkeling is \$8 per hour and a half and reef trips with guide are \$12 per hour. At the Jamaica Hilton, the Plantation Inn and the Towner Inn in Ocho Rios, Eric Smith Enterprises gives instruction in scuba for \$12 an hour, takes reef trips for \$12 per two-hour tour. The new Reef Club in Ocho Rios has dived up a wreck far out at sea and struck it off its own shore, to provide serenity to the name of Shipwreck Bay and a playground for its diving guests.

**PUNTO AICO**, most populated tourist island in the Caribbean, has almost all of its hotel facilities on the north shore of the island, an area with few reefs and poor diving. The best-protected waters are on the eastern shore, in the lee of Cayo leaves reefs. Bill and Shirley Brown take novice snorkelers in groups of six from San Juan hotels out to the fishing village of Pajarito and by native sloop to Icacos Island for three hours of swimming and viewing the reefs and reef life. Cost is \$15 for the day. Walker Hendricks of El Conquistador Hotel, the first development for tourists in the Pajarito area, teaches beginning scuba at lessons for \$20 per day, equipment included. The fishing is negligible at Icacos and is best on the southwest coast, at La Parguera, Cabo Rojo and Bequeron Beach. Experienced divers can rent equipment from Original Don's Aqualung Service in San Juan for \$3 a day and boats from the local fishermen to go out on their own. They will find conch, turtle, snapper, amberjack, kingfish, bonito, tuna, pom-pom and grouper.

**ST. THOMAS** is the location of the Navy's

underwater demolition school, which is a strong recommendation for the quality of the diving. Guides Red Raich and John Hamber specialize in teaching beginning scuba; Jean Archi, a veteran skin diver in the Mediterranean, Greece and the Red Sea, is available to the most experienced diver. All three guides like Water Island in Charlotte Amalie's harbor—there are many wrecks, protected beach waters for beginners and a 50-foot ledge on the east side. Raich starts his beginners off Morringstar Beach. His Kan-Tai diving school (see color facing page 22) charges \$17.50 per half day, including equipment. Hamber, who trained with the Navy frogmen in St. Thomas and was at a Marine reconnaissance diving company, takes his beginners off the beach at Sapphire Bay, his intermediates off Koki Beach, where he has a big parrot fish trained to eat out of his hand. For advanced scuba, he likes Mingo, Lingsaga, Congo and Thrush Cays. All the guides take expeditions to the British Virgin Islands, particularly to Virgin Gorda and Anegada, which bristles with wrecks. A two-night-and-three-day trip with Hamber to Anegada on the 42-foot *Pen-Haul* costs \$150 per day for four passengers, including meals and all gear. Less venturesome divers or beginners can be programmed in canoe diving while the serious boys explore the reefs and wrecks. Hamber also teaches underwater photography for \$17.50 for



three hours, including use of camera and a roll of film. Jean Archi is very enthusiastic about Buck Island and the fringing reefs of the St. Croix north shore, Virgin Gorda and Norman and Peter islands. His price is \$20 a day each for a minimum of two people, a maximum of six, a 60-foot diesel cruiser with all equipment included.

**C. and M. Caron**, owned by Leslie Caron's father, rents first-rate equipment in both St. Thomas and St. Croix: a regulator and tank is \$3 a day. Generally all rental places in the Caribbean require substantial deposits. **ST. CROIX'S** leading guide is Bill Miller. He rents equipment, teaches the novices and guides the experts. Touristic though it is, Miller gets a large share of his business running trips to the Buck Island Reef National Monument, either in a native sloop (\$8.50 a day) or in his 60-foot powerboat (\$10 a day). At Buck Island novice snorkelers are first indoctrinated off a pink-sand beach, then guided through the mass of spectacular coral and underwater life, the beauty of the area marred with underwater signs that label as care-

fully on the street signs on Broadway: "This is a British Canal." "Here Live the Angel Fish." Miller also takes groups to the British Virgin—\$90 a day for six people. In St. Cruz, the Hotel on the Cay is on an island surrounded by snorkeling grounds. Rates are \$30 to \$38 per day, double occupancy, with two meals.

In the British Virgin, Allan Butler's MARINA (see page 27) is a snorkeler's and scuba diver's bliss. Butler, expert though he is, will not instruct—he is too busy running his small island resort. He will, however, swim with competent and experienced divers. Marina Cay accommodates only 18 guests in six A-frames. The price here is \$15 a day for two, meals included. Getting there is no snap. First you take a boat from St. Thomas to Road Town, in Tortola, then a taxi from Road Town to East End, where the Marina Cay boat collects you for free and takes you the last 20 minutes. Total traveling time, not counting waits, is 3½ hours. Total cost is about \$10.50.

On January 1 a new resort opened on VINCENT COAST, which, with its 50 rooms, doubles the available guest beds in the entire British Virgin. It is Laranza Rodcliffe's Little Dix Bay, a quietly luxurious seaside complex, mindful of Caneel Bay on St. John in its serenity. Emphasis here is on the fabulous water surrounding the British Virgin, and the beachside buffet lunch always includes fish from the front-door yard prepared in native fashion. Snorkeling and scuba gear is available for hire—scuba lessons are \$5 per half hour. There are special trips to the wreck of the *Able*, to the ruins of Anegada, to the caves on Norman Island. The boulder-strewn grottoes called The Butts are just around the bend from Little Dix. Rates are \$25 to \$27.50 per person. American plan. As in almost every Caribbean resort,

earthquake in 1680, but you are on your own there.

ANAGUA is another story. The principal organizer of water sports there is an Australian named Tony Johnson who learned to dive for food while a prisoner of the Japanese in the South Pacific. Tony operates out of the Caribbean Beach Club and takes guests of other hotels—The Anchorage, Blue Waters, Half Moon Bay and the Jelly Beach Hotel—an instruction and diving team. His rates are \$12 for two hours, which include instruction and a 45-minute dive. You have to furnish your own equipment, but he has compressors to refill your tanks. He also has a glass-bottom boat, the *Antigua Queen*, which leaves the Caribbean Beach Club every day at 2:30 for a two-hour trip over the reefs—face \$4 per person. One of the best ways to explore the waters of the Leeward Islands, including the ships sunk in the Mt. Pelee volcanic eruption on Martinique in 1902, is from a charter yacht out of Antigua. The Nicholson Yacht Charters Service of English Harbour has eight yachts lined with scuba equipment aboard. For example, the *Pas de Lany*, a six-berth ketch, has compressors, tanks, underwater movie camera, harness, flippers and snorkels. Captain John Gattelle is a trained scuba instructor. He charges for \$814 per week, with equipment. The 136-foot schooner *Panada*, with four double cabins, formerly owned by a Vietnamese emperor, charges for \$2,300 per week. It has compressors and three tanks. Mike Rodham, a World War II diver in New Guinea, has built at The Inn at English Harbour a 48-foot trimaran, *Speedwell*, ideal for diving, and equipped with compressor and tanks. He charges for \$1,260 per week. A good place to stay for snorkelers is Hawksbill, which has excellent reefs, a Boston Whaler, fins, masks and snorkels for guests.

SARAGOSSA has two skin-diving establishments, each equipped with 12 tanks and all the other required gear. Both have guides who instruct all grades of scuba enthusiasts. At Coral Reef Beach—center for the Coral Reef, Colony, Miramar and Sandy Lane hotels—Lan Wotton, an English diver with 12 years in Barbados, teaches scuba with two assistants, for \$19 per hour, all gear and a trip to Coral Reef included. At the Aquatic Club, one mile from Bridgetown, American Gene Tinker, a diver with 15 years' experience, and his partner, Harold King, serve the divers in south coast hotels. He charges \$15 per person, including equipment, for a half-day excursion. The east coast and North Point are the best places for spearfishing. Special for sightseeing is the wreck of a World War I freighter, which even beginners visit—in its highest point is only six feet below the water.

THE GRENADINES have very primitive facilities, excellent underwater. The

thing to do is Grenada, Les Tantes, Carriacou or Bequia is to take your own equipment or, as in Antigua, explore from the comfortable deck of a charter boat containing all of the facilities for diving. The 106-foot steam yacht *Arber*, which books out of Nicholson's is Antigua, specializes in skin-diving trips to these waters. Its charter fee is \$35 per person per day for a party of six. The waters of the Grenadines are exceptionally clear and the spearfishing is first class. The best diving is on the reefs surrounding the Tobago Cays, and in Tynel Bay on Carriacou. At Point Saline on Grenada, there is a beach which is white sand on one side, black on the other,



where you can find sizable mackerel, crevalle and snapper.

TRINIDAD has poor diving, but nearby TOROZO is superb, from the Giles off the north shore to the fabulous Buccoo Reef on the south. The Buccoo Reef is about two miles offshore. To reach it look up Cecil Anthony, an experienced fisherman of impressive girth. He will either take you himself or send you out with one of his boys. On the way you cross the Nylus Pool, a body of water so named because it is so clean. On the reef, when the tide is out, even nonswimmers stand knee-deep in turban shoes to protect their feet from the coral and peer through goggles at a display of reef life as stunning as can be found in the entire Caribbean. Anthony rents all gear, but divers should bring their own masks and regulators.

The Dutch islands called the ABC's, ARUBA, BONAIRE and CURAÇAO, far down in the Caribbean, are just developing their skin-diving facilities. Bonaire has the best spearfishing—for both beginners and experienced divers. Don Stewart is the local guide; he has a compressor for refilling tanks and equipment for hire. He will take you to reefs that are only 20 feet from the Hotel Bonaire or down to sunken cannon fragments off the southeast coast.

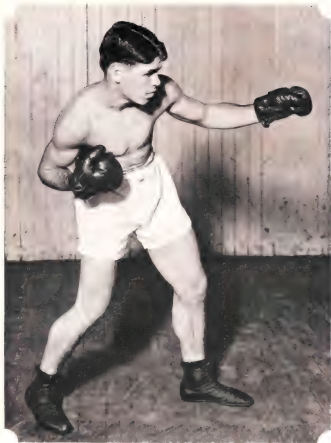
In Aruba, Dr. Dolf Oduber is the best authority on skin diving. He will take you (or put you in touch with someone who will) to the wrecks off the northwest (to of the island). They are fairly deep. On all the ABC's, the best diving is on the west coast, far the winds from the east make for cheery water on the windward side of these islands. Curaçao is best for advanced scuba, and there is good spearfishing around Spanish Bay. Robert Schoone is a licensed guide who rents gear and takes to portlanded divers on tours.

—FRAN R. SMITH



they drop by about half in the glissant months of summer.

The chain of islands that stretches from St. Martin down through St. Kitts, Nevis, the French islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique to St. Vincent is not as yet equipped to take out the casual diver, even though in some cases the potential is superb. At St. Martin there are two fine old galleries very near the surface. Stinson M. Riddle, in Philipsburg, will guide you and rent his equipment. Montserrat and Dominica have no reefs or beaches from which to dive. At Nevis there is the submerged town of Jamestown, sunk in an



*Young and trim in the days before Karna, Mickey Walker strikes a fighting pose.*

# DAYS OF WINE AND BLOODY NOSES

BY JACK IDOL KEARNS WITH OSCAR FRAGLEY

*In Part II of his memoirs, boxing's most flamboyant manager tells how he split with Dempsey only to find another champion—and a raistering companion—in the Toy Bulldog, Mickey Walker*

After the Luisiego fight in September of 1925, Dempsey and I drifted apart and eventually split. For one thing, I did not approve of his marriage to Eselle Taylor and tried to talk him out of it, on the basis that a fighter should be footloose, moving always where the action is, and that there would be plenty of time for marriage after he retired. For another, Tex Rickard was prodding him behind the scenes, telling him that he could do much better without me. That was easy to understand. Rickard knew that Dempsey would be a softer touch at bargaining than I ever was.

To tell the truth, I was not greatly concerned. I had taken on Mickey Walker, the Toy Bulldog, at Mickey's request.

Dempsey called me up one day and asked to see me. I invited him to my place.

"Doc," he said, "I want to handle my own business. I've just come to think that it would be better all the way around. You're mixing pretty good with Walker, and all, and well, I'd just rather do it my own way. But, Doc, you still got 25% of me."

I regarded his request, and the reasons behind it, as undiluted bunk, but I'd seen it coming a long time.

"O.K.," I told him. "You can have it the way you want it."

We dissolved our joint assets and settled up all our mutual accounts. It wasn't a pleasant business. There were arguments, and the split-up became more and more bitter. I had started the ball rolling for the first Gene Tunney fight, for instance, and Rickard was supposed to make the pay-off through me, as always. But, as it developed, he bypassed me immediately—and so did Dempsey. That was why, riled by Dempsey's ingratitude and more to be a nuisance than anything else, I subsequently started a series of lawsuits against Dempsey, even attacking his Kells-Royce.

And it was years before we actually buried the hatchet. Still, I was on hand for the first Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia that rainy night of Sept. 23, 1926, and had a \$25,000 bet riding on Dempsey, a bet I had made with Bernard Gimbel, the department-store tycoon.

By the fourth round I knew, and by the sixth it was clear to most, that Dempsey was a loser. Tunney was in faultless physical condition. Dempsey hadn't defended since beating Firpo, three years earlier, and obviously wasn't in anything like the shape I had always demanded.

"His timing's off and his legs are gone," I told Gene Fowler, sitting next to me. "He should have had one tune-up bout, at least, and maybe more."

"Why don't you get up in his corner and help him?" asked Mark Kelly, a Los Angeles sportswriter. "The guys in his corner aren't any good at all to him."

I shook my head.

"No. Let him take it. That's the way he wanted it, and that's the way it'll have to be."

Kelly looked at me and said: "Why, Doc, you're crying."

"I am not," I growled. "It's the rain in my eyes."

When it was over, I went out and got drunk.

It had been at Dempsey's urging that I took on Mickey Walker, whose manager had died. Dempsey had warned Walker that I was an "expensive manager," but he also realized that I could help Mickey as no one else could. It was in 1925, and Walker had come west to make a few matches on his own. He was staying at the Hotel Barbara in Los Angeles, which Dempsey and I owned. I offered him a 50-50 deal, we shook hands on it and that was the only contract we ever had. He had two girls with him at the time and we even split them. We immediately went on an all-night party which pretty much symbolized what our relationship was to be in the years thereafter. *continued*

"There's one thing I didn't get a chance to tell you, Doc," Mickey said next day as we nursed our hangovers. "I've already agreed to meet Harry Greb in New York in July for the middleweight title."

"How much are you getting?"

He was almost proud in his answer.

"Twenty thousand dollars."

My explosion took the wind out of his sails.

"Cripes alright," I yelled at him. "You ought to be getting a hundred grand at least! Maybe we can get you out of the fight."

Mickey proved his honesty to me right then and there.

"I can't do that, Doc. I gave them my word."

We had a tune-up bout in San Francisco and headed east, where I found I was suddenly *persona non grata* with the New York boxing commission. They still were after Dempsey to fight Harry Wills, and nothing I could say would convince them that every time we tried to set up the match politicians blocked it. Bill Maldoon, the gruff commissioner, wouldn't even let me go to the arena for the Walker-Greb fight.

"If you show up, I'll ban Walker, too," he told me.

I sat it out at Billy LaHiff's Tavern, listening on the radio.

It was a tough night for Walker. Greb outweighed him seven pounds and gave him plenty of thrash. What made it worse, the referee, Ed Purdy, dislocated a trick knee in the seventh round and from then on frequently supported himself by hanging on to both fighters, particularly Walker. Despite all this, Mickey rallied after nearly being knocked out and was hurting Greb at the end of the 15 rounds. Still, he lost.

Walker met me in LaHiff's after the bout, and we were having a drink at a corner table when who walks in out of the night, like Dangerous Dan McGrew, but Greb. Mickey's eyes were swollen and bloodshot, and Greb's lips were puffed and out. Greb walked over to our table and leered down at Walker.

"How're you feeling, Mickey?"

Mickey pointed to his own eyes. "How do you think I feel with these peepers after you stickin' your thumbs in them all night?"

Greb grinned wickedly.

"Forget it. You were plenty tough on me, too."

Greb left, and Mickey, usually a happy guy, was pretty glum. "Come on," I said, trying to cheer him up. "Let's go over to the Silver Slipper and have some laughs."

By the time we got there, after visiting a few watering holes on the way, we were in, and full of, good spirits. And one of the first people we spotted was Greb, sitting with a pretty girl. After a few more drinks Mickey, obviously looking for trouble, invited himself over to Greb's table and began making a play for Greb's date. Within a few minutes I heard Walker's voice, loud and clear above the racket in the place.

"You Dutch so-and-so, you couldn't lick me again if your whole family was helping you."

Now they were both standing up, shoving their chest at each other.

"Why, you Irish bum," said Greb, "suppose I let you try right now?"

They were squaring off when a flying wedge of waiters hustled them out to the street. I was right on their heels and watched as Greb started to take off his coat. But Mickey couldn't wait for that. He fired a punch that sent Greb flying into the fender of a parked automobile. They were swinging away in earnest when I spotted a policeman hurrying up the street toward us. I jumped in between them.

"What's the matter with you guys?" I yelled. "You ain't even getting paid for this."

It broke them up. They started laughing, and then, throwing their arms around each other, they led the way back inside. We all greeted the *varrnie* together.

There was a great demand for a rematch, especially after word of their street fight swept the city, and I was all for putting them together again in the ring.

"Let's get somebody else, Doc," Mickey pleaded. "He's too good a friend of mine for me to bust up."



After surviving Texas Guinan's elusive and fit party, Greb and Walker sat above Berengaria for fight in England.



I asked Greb what he thought.

"You can keep that Irish burn," Greb answered, grinning. "There must be easier ways for me to make money than fighting him."

Walker had been paid \$20,000 to box Greb in a fight that drew a \$339,000 gate. Now I got Mickey a \$100,000 guarantee to defend his welterweight title against Dave Shaden at the Polo Grounds.

A couple of nights after the bout, which Mickey won in 15 rounds, I met him and handed him a check for \$96,000. All I took was \$4,000 for training expenses. I figured that Mickey needed the money and that I wouldn't cut him because this was our first fight as a team. Mickey didn't even look at the check, just stuffed it in his pocket. A few days later I received a letter which contained a note and a check for \$48,000. Mickey's note said:

Dear Doc:

Everything we do is 50-50.

Yours,

Mickey.

Where Dempsey and I had gone our separate ways outside the ring, Mickey and I were kindred spirits who always were ready to juice it up together. Together we painted the whole town, from LaHill's to Legs Diamond's Hotzy Tooty Club, Dutch Schultz's Embassy, Texas Guinan's 300 Club and Owney Madden's Cotton Club. And we did it with a lively string of fillies—the beautiful, blonde Margaret Guimby, who later became a motion-picture star; diamond-draped Peggy Hopkins Joyce; showgirl Peggy Lane; the shapely May Denevoss; creamy-skinned Pearl Germaine; and, at one period, Madame Dona Dena, one of the best of the thirty dancers.

But then, in May of 1926, we lost the welterweight title to Pete Laim in Scranton. A month later Joe Dundee flattened Mickey in the eighth round in New York. Mickey reacted by announcing he was "finished."

A couple of days after that first Tarnay-Dempsey fight I sat down and took stock of the situation. My champions were gone, both of them. Yet I knew that it had been nothing but the pace we had been setting that had whipped Walker. He was only 25 at this time, a guy jammed with guts and owner of a punch that could knock down a healthy horse.

I want to see him and, though he was reluctant, I persuaded him that his trouble had been in making the welterweight limit.

"Listen to me, Mick," I said. "You're a middleweight and still a damned good one."

We kicked it around a long time. Then Mickey gave me that wide Irish grin.

"O.K., Doc. We'll give it a try the way you say. But I've got to name one condition. You've got to get me the toughest you can find in the middleweight division. I'll tell you why. If I can't beat a good fighter, I got no business fighting."

We shook hands and once again were back in business.

This time we did no Charleston down the prisonhouse path. I put Mickey into tough training and then I matched him in Chicago with Shuffles Callahan, a rough, strong boy, a southpaw, respected by everybody. Mickey knocked him out in the eighth round. Then he beat a couple of others, training through it all as he never trained before or afterward, and the old happy glint was back in his merry blue eyes. Six months after he had blown the welterweight crown and called it quits I had him going into the ring in Chicago against Tiger Flowers for the middleweight championship of the world. Flowers had wrestled the title from the rugged Greb, but I knew that the new Mick could take it away from him.

It took a little con.

Setting up a conference with Walk Miller, Flowers' manager, Mickey and I went to see them in the Tiger's house on Chicago's South Side.

"You keep a sad, washygone expression on that Irish kniser and let me do the talking," I told Mickey.

We went there hat in hand, so to speak.

"Here's the pitch," I told them, while Walker gave a real Barrymore performance. "Mickey needs a stake. You know, the poor guy's all washed up."

I got a little worried about Mickey. He looked so forlorn. I thought maybe he might be overplaying it.

"He's going to quit after this fight, sure pop," I hurried on. "But on his old reputation he's a cinch to draw a good gate, and you guys will make a bundle."

Miller bobbed his head. "Well, what's the deal?"

"I tell you what," I suggested. "I'll run the show and we'll cut the money down the middle. But for publicity purposes we'll put in the contract that Flowers is getting \$50,000 for risking his title."

They agreed, and I got Jim Muller, a pal of mine, to front for me in putting on the show in December of 1926. It was a smash. We drew the largest gate in Chicago boxing history up to that time, a total of \$77,127, and, as I had figured it, Mickey broomed home. He put the Tiger down in the fourth round and had him on the floor in the ninth, on the brink of a knockout, so that he won the decision easily.

Flowers was so steamed up at the remarkable manner in which Mickey had come back from the old men's home that he held us to the terms of the contract and we had to pay him \$50,000. After expenses we didn't have much of a profit. But we had won the middleweight title and were back on top of the heap.

As a result of all this, Jimmy Duran and I lost a decision. The New York Boxing Writers' Association voted Mickey an award for his sensational comeback, a costly gold belt donated by Nat Fleischer of *The Ring* magazine. It was to be presented at the association's annual dinner. On the night of the dinner Schnozzola and I got slightly oiled while waiting for Mickey to pick us up. But Mickey had run into a delay. Driving into New York from his home in New Jersey, he was involved in a minor collision with a truck. Next thing he knew, Mickey was going around and around,

*continued*

for free, with a truck driver who didn't give two cents that Mickey was middleweight champion of the world. Mickey won the decision, but when he arrived in New York he was a mess. He had a mouse under one eye and his white dinner jacket was maddy and torn.

"I can't go to the dinner like this," he moaned. "They'll think I dropped the duke."

He insisted that Durante and I should collect the belt and make his apologies. We did, taking on an additional load at the dinner. Afterward, as we headed for Texas Guinan's, Durante insisted on wearing the belt. We got it around him, threw the plush leather case into a trash basket and proceeded toward the 300 Club. Durante dancing along grotesquely, shadow boxing every few feet and jabbing his nose with his thumb while doing a pugilistic soft-shoe routine.

"Hey," he kept chortling over and over. "Look at old Schmoozle. I'm duh middleweight champion uh duh world."

He soon found himself a challenger. A big drunk staggered up to us, assumed a flat-footed stance à la John L. Sullivan, and announced that he, not Durante, was the champ. They started going around and around on the sidewalk, hurling punches from a cautious distance of 40 feet. I sat on the curbstone and laughed.

Then, before I knew what was happening, the big guy stopped inside, belted Durante a shot on the chops and knocked him on the seat of his pants. Before either of us could bat an eye, he had snatched the belt from around Durante's waist and run away up the street. He was out of sight before we were able to stand up.

Mickey finally did get his belt. When Fletcher heard what had happened he had a duplicate made. This one he presented to Mickey personally.

About this time, Tommy Milligan of England was middleweight champion of Great Britain and eager for the world title. I accepted a \$140,000 guarantee. Mickey and I bought a dozen suits apiece and all the accessories, right down to bowler hats. Then we booked passage on the S.S. *Berggorie*, and Texas Guinan arranged to send us off in style. The party included Harry Richman's band and went right through the night and up to sailing time. To get to the boat Texas had arranged for a dozen chauffeur-driven cars which in that era were known as phaetons. These were touring cars on which the tops folded all the way back. Texas had ordered an ice tub of champagne placed in each of them. She, Mickey and I rode in the front car, Harry and the band took the next three and after that, as she put it, it was "everyone for himself." We staged a riotous parade to the docks, Richman's band playing all the way. The cops at the dock cleared a space for us, and before you could open another bottle the party was back in full swing in a saloon on the ship.

At the final "all ashore" we still were rounding up some of the boys to get them off before sailing. A couple of them never did make it. We were far out to sea when Swifty Morgan and Peaches Van Camp turned up. They

weren't the least bit perturbed. Peaches, a gent who made a very fine living through polished dexterity with cards, borrowed one of my hundred and moved into the cardroom like Paderewski advancing on a piano. Speedily, he took over a game of hunk and broker. At the end of the first night's play Peaches was \$1,500 in the good and bought himself a first-class ticket.

Swifty soon had something good going for himself, too. The first day out he hit the ship's pool for \$500 because he came closest to guessing the daily distance that would be logged. The second day he hit it, too. And the third.

At this point, one of the mates looked me up.

"This, ah, er, gentleman, Mr. Morgan," he inquired, "is a friend of yours?"

I had to admit it.

"Well," the mate said, "will you see to it, please, that Mr. Morgan stays off the bridge?"

Swifty always denied that he had paid off the guy in charge of the log, insisting that his "good friend" had provided information "out of the goodness of his heart."

Our training camp was a sumptuous affair, by British standards, at a holiday center called Tagg's Island on the Thames. Dornon Rayson and Wags Mac had come along with us, and soon all the homevick American enthusiasts in London began to flock in—people like Fanny Brice, Norma Talmadge and Ben Lyon. Every day was a picnic. My old friend the Prince of Wales showed up, too, and we played golf several times at Coomb's Hill. Maurice Chevalier sparred with Mickey. I got to know the jockey visitors pretty well also, and picked up enough good tips to win about \$30,000.

But I didn't like the even-money odds that were being quoted on the fight.

"Mick," I told Walker, "we'll have to do something about the price, because people are asking me how I 'lawney' you in the matter of making a wager. I figure you can take this guy, but the price ain't right."

So Mickey, who had been in solid training, joined our parties and seldom was seen without a bottle at his elbow or a glass near his hand. He began to look slow and awkward in training, too.

What they didn't know was that old Doc Kaem was doing the drinking for both of us. And that Mickey was working out grintily in private. He wound up sharper than a landlady's tongue. The price soon went to 3 to 1 in favor of the Englishman.

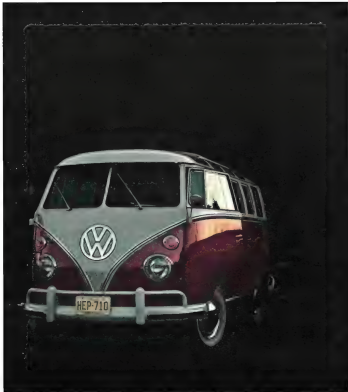
Charles B. Cochran, the promoter, threw a luncheon for me. It was attended by a small group of wealthy Britons. Cochran introduced me by telling them:

"You fellows make millions. He spends millions."

Over brandy and coffee, an expectant hush fell over the group when Cochran asked me pointedly: "Jack, how do you fancy Walker in this bout?"

"Why," I replied, "I fancy him just fine, C.B."

*continued*



## Somebody actually stole one.

We were excited just to hear that somebody wanted a Volkswagen Station Wagon badly enough to go out and steal one.

It wasn't so long ago that we practically couldn't give them away.

So when Martin Carlson reported his loss to the police, we took it as a triumph.

In its own way, the VW Station Wagon

is one of the world's best getaway cars.

You can escape north or south of the border. (The VW engine can't freeze up or boil over because it's cooled by air.)

You can go farther in a VW than in any police car (26 mpg is our average).

You have 21 windows to spot anyone who's tailing you.

And it carries more load (170 cu. ft.) than the biggest regular wagon you can steal.

Sadly, the whole theory blew apart when Mr. Carlson found his VW abandoned in the very spot he had left it.

Maybe everyone isn't ready for it, after all.

Not even crooks.



# Be suspicious!

Make sure you see it on the label.

If you don't, steep out.

Or see the manager.

Be a real pain in the neck.

You can't be sure the fabric won't shrink unless you see **SANFORIZED**.

You can't be sure of the best wash-and-wear performance unless you see **SANFORIZED PLUS**.

Right there. On the label.

Don't fall for a glib "it's the same thing."

If it is, why doesn't it say so?

You're entitled to "Sanforized" and "Sanforized-Plus".

Get them.

"Would you fancy him for a bet of, oh, let's say, £10,000?"

I pretended to be confused about converting pounds into dollars. Cochran offered to make the wager in dollars—\$150,000 against my \$50,000.

"No," I said, and Cochran's face showed his disappointment. "As I said, C.B., I really do fancy Walker's chances. Now, you're paying me \$10,000 for this fight, right?"

Taking a deep breath, I really shook them up.

"I'll bet you the whole \$110,000 at 3 to 1. If we lose, you don't owe us a dime. If we win, you owe us \$440,000."

Cochran looked around the room and, getting a brief nod here and there, he turned to me and grinned.

"It's a bet, old boy."

"Strike," I said, and we did.

Cochran turned to the others and he chuckled: "I told you that he spends millions."

Mickey was a little shook when I told him. He thought we should have saved enough to get us home.

"You'll knock this guy stiff," I said.

And he did, flustering Miligan in the fifth round to make us almost half a million dollars.

We tossed a gale party in the Hotel Savoy. Mickey finally did break training with a tremendous splash.

Mickey had received numerous letters suggesting that after he won the fight he should visit the land of his forebears. At the party, the little Irishman from Keighry Head, which is a section of the Old Sod in Elizabeth, New Jersey, tearfully remembered the invitations.

"Doc," he said, "we got to go to Ireland."

**I**would have taken him to Timbuktu, if he'd asked me, after the fight he made against Miligan. So I called over "Good Time Charlie" Friedman, one of our encouragers, who had been nicknamed by Rarigan because he had run several speakeasies.

"Charlie," I said, giving him a wad of bills, "get tickets on the plane for us. We are flying to Dublin, which is in Ireland."

"Right," said Charlie. "I will go right now and make the reservations."

The party was still in high gear when he came back.

"Everything is set," he reported happily. "I have tickets for everybody, cars waiting to take us to the airport and hotel reservations."

Late in the afternoon, with the party still going strong, Charlie got everybody together in a big rush and we stampeded for the airport.

Walker was happy that he was going to the land of his forefathers, and I was happy for Walker. So we all boarded the plane and set off for Dublin.

Mickey kept watching out the window. Finally, he nudged me with great delight. "So this is Dublin," he said.

I looked out the window and was startled more than somewhat. If that wasn't the Eiffel Tower below us, then they had built one in Dublin without telling anybody. I

went back to where Good Time Charlie was sitting and grabbed him by the shoulder.

"You got us to Paris, not Dublin, you dope," I told him.

"I know it, Doc," Friedman admitted, "but when I went after the tickets I kept saying to myself, 'What do you want to go to Dublin for?' Then I remember when I was in the A.E.F. and all the fun I had in Paris. Honest, Doc, I just couldn't help myself."

I didn't have the heart to tell Mickey, he was so delighted. Of course, when we got off the plane everybody was speaking French.

"I thought they'd be talking English," Mick said. "You know, Doc, with a trace of a brogue, like my grandfather."

I put my arm around his shoulders.

"My boy," I told him, "that's Gaelic."

By this time Mickey hadn't been to bed since the night before the fight in London, and we all had been hitting the booze to a fare-thee-well, so he wasn't as sharp as he might have been. We got him to the hotel without him being any the wiser. We started another party immediately and it was three days before Mickey came bursting in to me with the news.

"Doc, this ain't Dublin. This is Paris."

I patted his shoulder consolingly.

"I just found out," I said. "But what the hell, Mick. We'll go to Ireland some other time. And as long as we're here we may as well enjoy it."

Mickey's disappointment was soon soothed because Norma Talmadge had come to Paris for an engagement, and she and Walker were a steady item.

Finally, on the theory that the best way to keep Mickey in shape was to keep him fighting, we returned to the U.S., where I threw a \$6,600 party at Texas Gorman's. One of the items on the tab was \$200 for ice, the kind of stuff you get when you freeze water. After Mickey won an easy one against Wilson Yarbou in Cleveland we went on to Chicago, where Tunny was to defend his heavyweight title against Dempsey. That was the famous "long count" return bout. Aside from my confidence that Dempsey would have won if I had been in his corner, I have often wondered if I might not have been the one who cost Dempsey victory in that second fight.

It happened like this. One of the first people I ran into in Chicago was Al Capone. I had known him off and on for a long time and chanced to see him in a nightspot. I pulled up a chair to his table and, since I was curious about the Dempsey fight and knew that Al would have all the answers, I asked him how he thought Dempsey would do. He stared hard at me with those icy brown eyes and then smiled. "I know you and him ain't pals no more, of course," he said, "but I got a big bet riding on him to win. Not only that, I've let the word get out that he'd better get a square shake. Nothing preferential, understand. But a fair shake."

In Chicago that meant he would get a fair shake, all right. Ignoring Capone could be suddenly fatal.

The next day I happened to mention to a newspaper pal

continued

of mine that Capone was betting on Dempsey, and relayed what Al had told me. My friend went to the Illinois boxing commission and said that if anything went wrong, or if maybe Dempsey got a little better than a fair shake, there would be quite a scandal.

So at the last minute there was a change of officials. That's how Dave Barry got the assignment as referee, and that's how the stage was set for the famous count in which, when Dempsey knocked Tanney down and failed to retire to a neutral corner, Barry stopped the count to save Dempsey away. It has been reckoned that Tanney thus had anywhere from 14 to 24 seconds to recover. It is ancient history how he came back to win the decision and retain the heavyweight championship that September night in 1927.

It is a good guess, though, that if another referee had been in the ring the results might have been entirely different.

**W**e stayed around Chicago for a couple of fights, in which Mickey knocked out Mike McTigue in one heat and took a 10-round decision from Paul Berlenbach, and that victory gave us an excuse for a real winding at the Morrison Hotel. The guests included Capone and one of his lieutenants, Machine Gun Jack McGurn, along with several police captains.

After the party me and Mickey and Teddy Hayes were relaxing over a few drinks when we heard loud voices from another party down the hall. Teddy wandered down that way and came back sporting a shiner.

"Those guys are the Notre Dame football team," he reported. "They're celebrating a game they won, and I got into a beef with a couple of them in the corridor. One of them belts me but I flattened both of them."

We thought no more of it until in pepped a flock of these husky football players looking for a fight, not having the most remote idea that they were brewing one with Mickey Walker, middleweight champion of the world.

While they were chewing out Teddy, Mickey stood up.

"I will take you all on, one at a time or all at once," he announced. They stepped forward in turn and Mickey flattened about seven of them while Hayes and I applauded quietly. When they saw how bad it was going for the first team, the rest of them dragged out of there.

"You didn't make a dime out of it," I told Mickey, "but maybe I can get you a variety letter."

There was a letter, all right. This one came from Knute Rockne, asking for details of the "beef." And there was another letter, from one of the players, asking that I please tell Rockne that Walker started it and they were merely fighting in self-defense. If I didn't, he explained, they might all be expelled.

I didn't want that to happen to a nice bunch of college kids. I wrote Rockne a nice letter of apology to get the boys off the hook. Certainly nobody should mind taking the blame for whipping the whole Notre Dame football team.

Shortly after Mickey beat Ace Hudkins by a narrow mar-

gin in the rain (I owned both fighters, but neither knew it at the time and it was a fair fight, no monkey business), I decided to buy a home in Florida and move my mother and sister there. Being a man who likes to travel first class, and even better, I bought in a rather exclusive section. To give you an idea, one of my neighbors was Henry Ford. Never having been the buskily type, I soon had us on congenial speaking terms.

He happened along one day as I was leaving for the race-track, and after we had chatted for a few moments I suggested that he come along, too. I figured it wouldn't hurt my credit.

One of the nation's richest men shook his head soberly. "Sorry," he said, "but I just can't afford the horses." Kounts could, of course.

The closest I ever came to collusion in a fight was Mickey's bout with Tommy Loughran. The terms of the deal were that if we won we received only \$10,000. If we lost we took down \$50,000. This was at a time when I needed the \$50,000 more than I needed the light heavyweight championship, for Walker and I had been living it up to a point where we were exceptionally low in finances. Loughran's physical edge gave him the decision, but we walked off with the fifty grand.

In the stock market crash of October 1929 I lost about half a million dollars, but I figured I still had the middleweight champion, so I wrote it off without complaining too much. I still left an occasional \$50 tip for the waiter—including one who had topped me by losing a million dollars in the crash.

Although I kept up a front with tips like that, Mickey and I were short of cash. We weren't too concerned, even though Mickey was in poor shape both physically and mentally. He had been on a steady liquid diet and was feeling low in spirits because his most recent wife had pulled out on him. Besides, some guy was using him for his big Lincoln car. He was also having a maddening time trying to make the 160-pound limit. I decided to build him up to fight heavyweights and arranged a series of exhibitions against the big fellows just to show he could handle them. I wanted a bout with Jack Sharkey, who the year before had lost his chance at the vacant heavyweight title by fouling Max Baer. Before the New York commission would approve Mickey as an opponent, though, he had to surrender his middleweight title. But that was painless because he was having too much trouble making the weight. With all obstacles removed, the bout was booked into Ebbets Field, home of the Brooklyn Dodgers, for July 22, 1931.

Just to cover all the bases, I arranged a meeting with Sharkey's manager, Johnny Buckley.

"John, we're all cuties from away back," I told him. "Both of us knew a hundred ways to steal the dake. But let's agree, on this one, that nobody tries to snatch anything. Let's have the Mick and Sharkey go in even 'n'." "I'll agree to that, Doc," he said.

I took extra precautions anyhow. Al Capone at this time

was free on \$50,000 bail, after having been indicted as an income-tax raper in Chicago. I heard that he was in New York and want to see him.

"You could do me a big favor, Al," I told him.

"Name it," he said.

"Well, I want a square shuffle in this Sharkey fight," I explained. "Not that there's anything suspicious. But I just want insurance that we don't get the short end of the somewhere."

Copore bobbed his head.

"I'm sure you'll be O.K., Doc."

Sharkey was a 2-to-1 favorite, principally because he outweighed Mickey by 29 pounds and was five inches taller. Even so, the bout drew a gate of \$238,833 and a crowd of 33,156.

And Mick fought Sharkey to a standstill.

When it was over, one judge voted for Sharkey, another voted it a draw and Referee Arthur Donovan gave the decision to Mickey. That made it a draw, which suited me fine. I had made a \$30,000 "draw I win" bet.

To keep Walker in the public eye so that he might meet the winner of the Sharkey-Schmeling return bout, I lined up two heavyweight bouts. The first was against King Levinsky in Chicago, and I almost fainted when Mickey walked out in the first round and the Kingfish dropped him to the deck. But thereafter Mickey wrapped it up. Things began to look

even better for us when he knocked off Paulino Uersidan, the wood-chopping Banquo, in New York. But then, three days after Sharkey demolished Schmeling to take the heavyweight title, we lost a decision to Johnny Rizzo in Cleveland. So I settled for a shot at the beaten Schmeling, figuring that if we whipped him we'd get the Sharkey match.

There was one major drawback. Walker no longer could work up the enthusiasm to train as relentlessly as was necessary in order to battle the big boys successfully. When we squared off against Schmeling in the Long Island City Bowl that September night, I knew we didn't have the ghost of a chance. Even so, Mickey gave it a gallant try. He stayed in there and gave it everything he had while Schmeling smashed him to the canvas like a rubber ball. By the eighth round, while Mickey might have been able to take it a little longer, I couldn't. I told them to stop the fight.

"I guess this was one we couldn't win, Mick," I told him sadly.

Mickey spit out a mouthful of blood, focused on me with his bleary eyes and gave me a crooked grin.

"Speak for yourself, Doc," he said with all his old cockiness. "You threw in the sponge, not me."

That night, our heavyweight championship dreams smashed beyond repair, we went out and painted the town.

Toward the end of 1933 I got him a light heavyweight title shot against Maxie Rosenbloom, and there was enough of the old Mick left to barely lose a 15-round decision. But in 1934, after Bob Goodwin twice beat him to a draw, I couldn't see Mickey doing this to himself anymore. And when we lost a 10-round decision to Young Corbett in San Francisco in August 1934, I took him back to the hotel and opened a bottle of whisky.

"Here's to the end of it, Mick," I told him. "It's time for you to hang 'em up."

Mickey was silent. I kept on trying, until finally he said: "You're right, Doc. I retire as of right now."

So we went out on one last farewell party, along with Lilyan Tashman, the actress, and some of her friends. In the morning Mickey said to me: "So long, Doc. It's been fun."

Then he was gone. I felt like a guy who had lost his right arm. Walker was more than a meal ticket to me. He was like a brother, or a son, or maybe a little bit of both, and the money angle never creered into it with him and me.

Two months later Walker was back in the ring.

In his need for money he had agreed to give it another try under Bill Duffy. He boxed a draw, lost a decision, won over a guy he wouldn't even have fought in the old days—and then was knocked out by Paul Pireone in Philadelphia. After this one he made another try at hanging up the gloves, but fought eight times in 1935. His last fight: a K.O. at the hands of one Eric Seelig.

Then he did retire, and I was so happy that he finally had seen it my way that I went out on a two-day bender to celebrate. The Top Bulldog was too good a man to hang around until he was walking on his heels. **END**



At Cape Velez cheers erupt at ringfall, a not-so-Tip BullDog knocks out 230-pound Arthur De Kock in 1932 Los Angeles fight.





# A Wild Time on the Tracks

Loco-spotting, not cricket, is the No. 1 sporting pastime for more than one million madly keen Englishmen  
by JOHN LOVESEY

Britain has an estimated million loco-spotters, all madly keen. With satchels crammed with sandwiches and soda pop, they hover around railways collecting locomotive stock numbers and names. They form a hungry market for recordings of such exotic sounds as puffing, whistling and hooting in quantities that would be the envy of many a pop singer. They enlist in specialist clubs, travel in special trains along deeded lines and revel in the romance of express services like the Atlantic Coast Express, the Red Dragon, the Queen of Scots and the Red Rose. In a compact country where few live far from a main-line railway and there are still about 8,000 vicar locomotives in action, loco-spotting is as natural a British sport as cricket.

Collectors, who write down numbers from the sides of locomotives as they spot them, usually get the bug at the age of 6 and shake it off by 14. In the intervening years their love affair with railways is intense. Some get so firmly seated in the pastime's enveloping concern with classes, engine weights, wheel arrangements and general locomotive construction that they never escape. Britain's champion spotter is a 40-year-old Cambridge printer, Gerald Tweedie, who has seen all of 25,000 steam engines including Stephenson's Rocket.

Tweedie ticks with the rapid rhythm of a train at top speed and has traveled over 80,000 miles in endless search for trains. "Around about 1950," he recalls, "when I had several thousand numbers, I suddenly got the urge to put on steam and try to get every steam-engine number there is. I have spent all my spare time, holidays and money on it."

Loco-spotters first emerged in significant numbers during World War II, when the hobby was commonly known as "copping locos." For some time a highly disorganized flock, they made life a burden for railway officials. They not only amassed numbers in their notebooks but put pennies on the lines, occupying up the battered corns as sou-

venirs after trains had passed. They wandered through tannets in their pursuit, hopped on slow-moving trains, marched across the metals and occasionally interfered with signal wires. One 9-year-old, flaed £1 for putting a stone on a track that would have derailed the next train along if a signaller had not seen it, explained in court that because he was shortighted it was difficult for him to read the number of a speeding locomotive, and he merely wanted to slow up the traffic. Another youngster was discovered lying nonchalantly on his back in the middle of the main Manchester-to-London line "listening out for trains." Other culprits collected the labels from goods vans in addition to locomotive numbers and caused chaos with deliveries. At Tamworth, a main-line intersection where any alert loco-spotter could see 30 express trains a day, so many boys flooded the platforms they simply spoiled off the ends.

The *Manchester Guardian* ran a lead article on "The Tamworth Martyrs," and newspaper correspondence columns vibrated to some heated exchanges over loco-spotters. In general, the argument ran along the lines of whether it was better to keep boys off the streets and on the rails, or off the rails and on the streets. It was an enthusiast called Ian Allan who finally calmed the eruption. He founded a loco-spotters club with a single rule that insured members be well behaved. Today it boasts over 400,000 reasonably decorous loco-spotters.

Ian Allan published some checklists of locomotives for enthusiasts during the war. When peace came he formed a company to move in on a big scale. His hobby has since turned into a considerable business venture, currently handling 150 different books on everything from trains to aircraft, cars, buses, trams, ships and rockets, which people also like to spot. From behind a large curved desk in an office hung with train pictures, Allan also controls the destinies of six related magazines and such side prod-

continued



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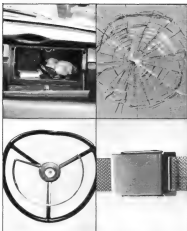
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### *A Wild Time* continued

ucts as loco-spoilers' pencils and china-ware with a train motif. Ian Allan's *Modern Railway* has a monthly circulation of 70,000, the largest of any such magazine in the world. All his publications sell 6 million annually.

Firmly placed in the driving cabin, Allan, at 41, simply explained his success—his undying interest in trains. His favorite task is to lead a loco-spoilers' excursion, 500 excited individuals. An outing normally includes a tour around a railway works. "I don't think," remarks Ian Allan with cheerful faith, "that we've lost anybody yet."

Once loco-spoilers grow into adulthood they rarely care to continue to be called just that. Their interest in railways may continue unabated but is more delicately attuned to all its aspects, beyond the sole thrill of collecting numbers like matchbox tops. For instance, a middle-aged London stamp dealer, Peter Walker, who has his shop wedged beneath the noisy tracks leading into a large station, likes standing on a bridge and meditatively staring at a railway tapering away into the far horizon. Walker holds that there is nothing quite like catching "a good whiff of that first puff of smoke as a steamer rushes through beneath you." That whiff of coal, hot oil and steam delights him.

There is no end to the list for mature loco-spoilers. In Surrey there is a quantity surveyor who had track laid in his garden and installed two nine-ton locomotives. And probably one of the world's most energetic train lovers is a British model railwayman who rises at 7 each morning to send off a laborer's special and hurray-home at midnight to run a merry express. In the evening it is turn of all the time. This same fan has a printed timetable which, come fog, spring cleaning or flu, he adheres to rigidly. He runs weekend excursions and in the fall switches to a winter schedule.

One caveat, in the form of the diesel engine, looms over loco-spoilers, but Ian Allan is convinced it has a silver lining. Gradually steam locomotives are being replaced in Britain. Ten diesels are not worth the puff from a steamer to today's spoilers. But there will be a generation, Ian Allan points out optimistically, that will have known nothing better. He is counting on them, and so is champion Twiddle. He has already collected the numbers of every main-line diesel so far in existence.

END

# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

## THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. VILLANOVA (10-5)  
2. ST. JOHN'S (10-4) 3. LA SALLE (10-4)

While little NYU brooded, talented VILLANOVA left little doubt that it was indeed the best in the East. St. John's won at the Wildcats with a deliberate attack, but it soon disintegrated. Wally Jones and George Leftwich, the front men in Villanova's aggressive zone defense, swarmed over the St. John's backcourt, forced them into errors, then peppered the tormented Rodman with 38 points. Villanova was 35-44.

Meanwhile, ST. JOHN'S was quietly picking away victories up in Olean. The latest: a 96-82 conquest of Niagara as Fred Crawford scored 40 points.

LA SALLE, after losing Lafayette 106-88, matched bow-and-arrow games with Syracuse and came away a 63-61 winner. The next afternoon, weary Syracuse gave it a good try but lost to ARMY 69-68. ST. JOSEPH's and Temple played cautiously, but Steve Courian's four points in the last two minutes was for St. Joe's 53-52.

PRINCETON and PENN were off and running at the expense of Brown and Yale in the Ivy League race. The Tigers lashed Brown 88-38 and Yale 74-60; Penn squashed by Yale 70-69 and beat Brown 73-64.

## THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. DAVENPORT (10-4)  
2. VANDERBILT (10-4) 3. ARKANSAS (10-3)

It had never happened before, at least not in Adolph Rupp's time. Never had Kentucky lost its first two SEC games. And even an old campaigner like The Baron found VANDERBILT'S 85-83 victory hard to take. "We absolutely threw it away," he grumped. What happened was that Vandy's quick John Ed Miller stole the ball from Chili Ishmael at midcourt, then flipped a behind-the-back pass to fast-breaking Keith Thomas for the basket that put the Commodores ahead 83-81 with 32 seconds to go. Kentucky's Larry Conley tied the score, but Miller got away from Ishmael to put in a 20-foot jumper at the buzzer.

Vanderbilt went on to trounce Mississippi State 90-56. While KENTUCKY recovered its pride to thrash LSU 109-84 and winless Tulane 105-63, RUTGERS and GEORGIA TECH were still unknown in the SEC. Tennessee beat Tulane 82-55 and LSU 62-58; Tech defeated Mississippi 69-54.

TECH was still beating off challengers in the Atlantic Coast. Clemson outdid the Blue Devils for a while but the Tigers succumbed 81-75. Then North Carolina tried a

new twist against Duke. The Tar Heels moved Billy Cunningham to backcourt and held the ball. It was a mistake. Without Cunningham to rebound, Duke's two 6-foot-10ers, Hank Tison and Jay Blackley, beat Carolina to death under the boards. Jeff Mullins got 25 points, Tison 24 and the Blue Devils won easily 84-64. WAKE FOREST, too, beat North Carolina, 89-71.

Maybe it was just a midseason lull, but unknown DAVENPORT suddenly found itself struggling for victories. VMI's agonizing slowdown troubled the Wildcats, and eventually they had to go to it themselves to win 70-58. Against Virginia, Davidson needed a 20-foot jumper by Barry Trapp and two free throws by sub Charlie Marcon to hold off the Cavaliers 64-62.

Davidson also might have to worry about WEST VIRGINIA. The Mountaineers, running and pressing the way they used to, edged VMI 75-73 and thrashed George Washington 85-74. But Virginia Tech, another Southern Conference contender, ran into trouble. Tech's customary second-half surge was not quite good enough against GEORGE WASH-

ington. The Cats back in the game and two last-minute baskets by sophomore John Serbin pulled it out for them 67-64.

Cincy's victory came in the nick of time, just when WCMU's walloping season cost unravelled the Missouri Valley. While Dave Stahlworth shot in 32 points, the Shockers brand of Tulsa with a full-court press and beat the Hurricanes 80-65. Bradley, unable to crack DRINK'S 1-2-3 zone, lost 64-60.

MICHIGAN was living up to its Big Ten notoriety. The Wolverines, led by Bill Buntin and Carrie Russell, beat Purdue 73-70. But defending co-champions OHIO STATE and ILLINOIS were not playing according to the book. They were winning. OSU's head young Blacks, despite a disturbing tendency to play Missouri's wild game, put the Hoophers away 85-73. Illinois, with Tal Brady scoring 28 points, ran over Iowa 87-70.

While KANSAS STATE bumbled along, losing to COLORADO 60-59 and beating Iowa State 73-32, OKLAHOMA STATE looked more and more like the team to beat in the Big Eight. Oklahoma, a running team, foolishly elected to play State on its own terms. The Cowboys just played slower and won 61-56.

The shoes flew like guided missiles when the nation's leading scorers, WESTERN MICHIGAN'S Marv Newsome and Bowling Green's Hewie Komeski, two little fellows, got together at Kalamazoo. Komeski scored 42 points but Newsome got 39—and was still No. 1 with a 33.3 average—as Western won 75-85.

LOTORA, the country's top independent, trounced Marquette 96-80, but the Ramblers had hometown competition. DE PAUL, smooth as silk with playmaker Ermette Bryant, was still unbeaten. The Blue Demons drubbed Notre Dame 86-73 at South Bend and whipped Portland 111-82 to make it 11 straight. After the game with De Paul Notre Dame Coach John Jordan resigned, effective at the end of the season. Said Jordan, referring to the taunts of hometown fans at the final shot, "You just can't stand to have your heart carved out that way."

## THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS WESTERN (10-5)  
2. OKLAHOMA CITY (10-4) 3. TEXAS A&M (10-4)

"If anyone had told me last summer that we would be 15-1 at the season's end, I would have told them they were ready for a hot house," said TEXAS WESTERN'S Don Hoskins happily last week. But his Maestros were 15-1 after they beat Arizona State 77-72 and West Texas State 84-66 for their 14th straight. Arizona State almost had Western, but not quite. The Sun Devils faultily stopped 6-foot-8 Jim Barnes with a collapsing zone—after he scored 30 points—only to have back-liners Andy Soglin and Ozzan Aris shoot them silly.

The Southwest Conference was still old upstairs still again. Defending champion Texas was the first to fall. ARKANSAS' punky

## SOME BIG LITTLE MEN



MARV NEWSOME  
WESTERN MICHIGAN

HOWE KAMESKI  
BOWLING GREEN



PRINCETON and the Gobblers lost 96-89. But they did beat Furman 75-65 and Wake Forest 77-72.

## THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (10-5)  
2. LOUISIA (10-4) 3. WISCONSIN (10-4)

CINCINNATI Coach Ed Jucker's team started badly. He groused at a sportswriter who had called his team "deflated, drowsy and demoralized," and then he lost sophomore Guard Roland West because of scholastic deficiencies. It got worse last Saturday when Ken Burdum fouled out with St. Louis leading Cincy 60-51 and only 3:12 to play. But junior Guard Fritz Meyer and George Wilson



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## BASKETBALL'S WEEK

Hops grained away at a 62-point Texas lead and they had the game. So it's Texas along came TEXAS A&M and its Bennie Lemon, a wrasthlike squarmer and jump-shooter who earlier had helped shoot down TCU 92-84 (with 27 points). Coach Shelby Metcalf shook up Texas with multiple addressses, sometimes a man-to-man, sometimes a zone that dropped back or spread itself over half the court. When the Longhorns began to close in on the Aggies, Lemon dropped in three clutch baskets and A&M won 65-60.

Meanwhile Texas showed some unexpected muscle, too. Coach Doc Huges, a rival of the subdual lighting in Waco's Heart of Texas gym, worked his troops under similar conditions at home before sending them against Baylor. It helped. The Mustangs, shooting accurately through the drosses, stomped the Bears 85-63. Next, a 61-60 winner over Texas Tech, was a stinging Oul for SMU's ranking game. Gene Elmore got away from the Rice zone for 24 points and the Mustangs won easily 92-76.

OKLAHOMA CITY had to go into overtime to beat Loyola of the South 91-86 in New Orleans, and then the Chiefs lost to NORTH TEXAS STATE 77-74 at Denton.

### THE WEST

THE BIG THREE: UCLAA 68-62

U. BRIDGES STATE 69-61 U. STANFORD STATE 64-61

UCLA's Elmer Ferguson set out to play UCLA the only way you can against the Bruins' sticky press and withering fast break. He put his Trojans into it slow, patterned attack and hoped for the best. For 10 minutes, but UCLA the Trojan's nostrils, but then the stress became too much. With Walt Hazzard quarterbacking and scoring 21 points, the quick Bruins ran off with the game 79-59. USC loosened up some the next night and took more outside shots. This approach almost worked. Allen Young hit for 26 points and the worried UCLAAs had to win at the foul line, where they made good on 24 of 32 shots for a 78-71 victory.

Washington clung to STANFORD'S Turn Dore, but forgot about the rest of the Indians. So Bob Bealitt, Hobbs Moore and Kent Hensley fired away and Stanford beat the Huskies 75-52 and 64-47. Washington State was no tougher for CALIFORNIA. The Cougars bowed 72-64 and 72-56.

Utah found old rival UTAH STATE as dividuall as ever. In fact, the Aggies beat Utah at its own game. Coach LaDell Anderson sent his backcourt men after the Utes and they soon had Doug Moon out on foids. Then Wayne Evans led Utah State to an 84-72 romp. UTAH had some strategy ready for New Mexico. It forced big Les Hange outside and beat the Lobos 67-63 on Moore's last-second jumper.

Colorado State's proud defense, the best in the nation, was beaten twice, by ARIZONA 57-53 and ARIZONA STATE 76-82. END

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Sir:

With all that is being said on the prospect of having a permanent warm-weather site for the NFL championship game I'd like to introduce a factor not commonly considered—the effect of a partisan audience. The home crowd can affect, no matter how slightly, the play of the home team and possibly the play of the visiting team. If the title game were to be played at a neutral site, crowd influence would be eliminated.

JACK C. KOENIG

Nanuet, N.Y.

Sir:

The two nationally televised football games on January 5 (Chargers vs. Patriots in San Diego and Packers vs. Browns in Miami) provided abundant support for the proposal to play the NFL championship game as a field where weather does not prohibit the teams from performing to their fullest capabilities.

In each game the score was lopsided, yet each was more interesting to watch than the Bears vs. Giants contest. The individual excellence of the pros and the explosive nature of their game, when not played under freezing weather conditions, is bound to engender spectator interest.

LEE OWELL

Seattle

Sir:

Don't cry, SI.  
Take heart, Ivy kids.  
Your Giants are still champs—  
Of the shaving ads.

TOM BALDWIN  
FRANK CORRELL

Bloomington, Ill.

## ABOUT ALVIN

Sir:

In addition to the award of a Grecian urn, emblematic of sportsmanship, which you are presenting to Alvin Ray (Pete) Rontle (*Sportsman of the Year*, Jan. 6), I would be more than happy to include one unused ticket to the New York Giants-St. Louis Cardinals football game which was played on a Sunday when most sports-loving Americans were otherwise occupied examining their own as well as the nation's conscience.

J. J. SCULLAY

New York City

Sir:

Congratulations on your choice of Pete Rontle. He is devoted to the prosperity of pro football and dedicated to its advancement. He has done a great job and should

be applauded for the work he has done in giving his league a good name.

DAVID BERNIS

Detroit

Sir:

If Koufax wins 30 games in 1966, if Howard belts 60 home runs and the Dodgers win the pennant by the 4th of July and the Series again in lost, can we expect Walter O'Malley on your cover a year from now? Or if Pennell goes 18 for, the inventor of the glass pole?

PETER L. PLUGINS

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

Would a true Sportsman of the Year turn down a legitimate challenge? Pete Rontle has done this. What matter the score in an AFL-NFL game? There have been several lopsided scores in the NFL championship game, but has anyone suggested discontinuing it?

ROBERT L. MYERS

San Diego

Sir:

Sportsman of the Year—No!  
Businessman of the Year—Yes!

HENRIK N. GORSEY

Burlington, Vt.

Sir:

Heartiest congratulations! I can think of no more worthy recipient of such an honor than the man who, in the very best tradition of the great American free enterprise system, decided that the making of a buck was more important than a tangible indication of sympathy and gave the order that the National Football League would conduct business as usual within 48 hours of the assassination of the President of the United States of America, when the rest of the nation was in deep mourning. Never in the history of athletics has there been such a demonstration of real "sportsmanship."

J. J. SHRELOCK

Cobourg, Ont.

Sir:

I hail your choice of the Sportsman of the Year. However, I must chide you for omitting Gordie Howe from your list of Champions Who Gave the Year Its Flavor (Jan. 6). In 1963 he surpassed Rocket Richard's 344 career goals, won the league's scoring championship and the Most Valuable Player award. A real champion, wouldn't you say?

JOHN B. MCKENZIE

Livonia, Mich.

## TRUE LOVE

Sir:

I enjoyed your article on Olin Stephens (*To Keep the Cup, Get a Man Who Knows How*, Jan. 6) but I hate to see you belittle my love of so many years—Bernese. Bernese has probably won as many races as any other boat built under the Cruising Club rules, if not more. Throughout the seasons of 1938, 1939 and 1940, she won many Sound races in the extremely active handicap class of those years, including one or more Larchmont Race Week series. In 1938 she won the Bermuda race. In 1940 she won the Mt. Desert race, which was the substitute for the Bermuda race. In those three years she won any number of squadron races in the New York Yacht Club cruise. After extensive repairs due to the 1944 hurricane, she resumed racing in 1946 and won many more races including the King's Cup. In the spring of 1953 Bernese went to the West Coast and continued to win races in the San Francisco area in spite of her handicap.

I consider Olin Stephens the top designer of racing boats. However, I feel that he has never designed better hulls than those he designed in 1937 and 1938, namely, *Anger*, *Bernese*, *Vin* and *Gone*.

HENRY C. TAYLOR

New York City

## MULTICOLORED MAN

Sir:

You have been too critical of Charles Finley and have failed to give credit where credit is due (*Sportsman*, Jan. 6). I'm no supporter of Mr. Finley, but his plans and ideas are often worthy of attention. Mr. Finley has advocated night All-Star and World Series games, which would give the working man a chance to view them. He is also a strong supporter of more equitable division of baseball's television revenue—which SI seems to be also. He adds color to a game that sorely needs it; for evidence just look at the changes made at Municipal Stadium since he took over the A's.

On the other hand I feel Mr. Finley's dealings with Kansas City and its fans are deplorable. Kansas City has supported its team well—for instance, last year the A's finished eighth in the standings but seventh in attendance. It would be a great injustice to Kansas City fans and the baseball world if American League owners approve Mr. Finley's effort to move. It might be better if the owners concentrate on his ideas, especially the television plan, then perhaps financial conditions which foster the threat of moving franchises would not arise in the future.

DORIAN R. SIBOUSE

Dayton, Ohio

continued

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## 19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

According to *The Sporting News*, orange baseballs have been tested by the National Baseball Congress and found to be good for night ball games.

It seems only fair that if New York can have the Mets, Charles D. Finley should be allowed to have all the green bats, green sheep and pretty baseball players that his heart desires. It is my personal opinion, in fact, if the Mets win less than 60 games in 1984 Charles Finley should be permitted to spray-paint Kansas City baseball fans green if he wishes.

RICHARD BRUCE

Woburn, Mass.

## STRAW IN THE WEED

Sir:

After being named the No. 1 college team in the country, after marching undefeated and undefeated through nine consecutive opponents, after winning the Kentucky Invitational tournament, and after staging one of the most inspiring comebacks of all time to win the Sugar Bowl tournament against powerful Duke, do you feel that Kentucky is "still just a little, good team with a big, bad schedule" not deserving of a spot in the top 20 teams in the country?

Next year I suggest drawing straws for your selections.

JIM CROWELL

Moline, Ill.

Sir:

Last year you were kind enough to give Texas Western College the basketball recognition it deserves. This year you were kind enough to mention them when they beat Wichita. Once again, however, you are failing to give them a completely fair shake.

The UPI poll now has TWC listed 10th in the nation, and the AP poll has them in the second 10 somewhere.

TWC's record to date is 14 wins and one loss. They have won 13 consecutive games. They are averaging 76 points per game, while their opponents are averaging 55. Jim Barnes, the 6-foot-8 center, is sixth in the nation's scoring.

R. J. MILLER

El Paso

Sir:

Here is how it should be: No. 1 Loyola, No. 2 UCLA, No. 3 Kentucky.

GREG HONCE

Los Angeles

Sir:

I think the top five teams should be Kentucky, UCLA, Vanderbilt, Davidson, Michigan.

JOHN LOUGHEVITY

Sunbury, Pa.

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I nearly reached  
the end of my rope!

**1.** "One minute I was waving from the top of a British Columbia spar tree. Seconds later I was hurtling toward the ground," writes Gordie Eves, American friend of Canadian Club. "Hiking through British Columbia's tall-timber country, we ran across a loggers' sports day. The contest looked challenging and I got talked into the high-tiggers' race. Spurred and roped, I had to climb the 90-foot tree trunk, ring a bell on the top and speed down again. Professional tiggers did it in less than 35 seconds.



*Canadian Club*

8 years old - Imported in bottle from Canada

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*Pleasure everywhere!*

**KENT GOES TO THE  
WINTER OLYMPICS IN  
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Kent will sponsor the Winter Olympics on ABC-TV Network. Every day—from January 25 to February 12—the thrills and pageantry of the Winter Olympics can be enjoyed in your own home over TV.



**Kent with the MICRONITE<sup>®</sup> filter gives you the best  
combination of filter-action and satisfying taste**

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**KENT** satisfies best